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A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO OUR READERS



CAMOUFLAGE FOR TWO

By...

KEN MACKENZIE



They walked out happily, unaware of the two men's whispered comments.

WHEN Mr. Hansen, manager of the Hotel Bristol, opened the telegram asking him to reserve a suite for ten days from the 21st, he took the booking without hesitation. For the telegram was signed "Bill McGregor," and Mr. Hansen remembered Bill very well as the free-spending, polo-playing son and heir of wealthy shipowner Andrew T. McGregor.

But, on the 21st, when a travel-stained corporal in worse-for-wear uniform asked for his suite, the sophisticated young person at the reception counter gave him first a disdainful glance, then glared incredulously as she checked the booking.

Bill spent the first forty minutes of his stay at the hotel luxuriating in a bath that was just a few degrees under boiling-point, then emerged to bounce with idiotic delight on a spring-suspended heaven. A real bed—with hundreds of tiny steel springs—and a soft, cushiony mattress. As he bounced he caught sight of himself in a mirror, then grinned. He looked like a half-wit. But who cared?

Who wouldn't bounce on a real bed after twelve months of sleeping in fox-holes, on wet tropical earth, on hard iron decks. To-night he would sleep—sleep until noon tomorrow—with no one to tell him "Stand to!"

Yes—he would sleep—but not yet. There was much to be done. Every hour of the next ten precious days

had been mapped out. So Bill phoned the desk clerk.

"I want two tickets for a show. Must be bright. Plenty girls, plenty music! Can do?"

"I think 'Lovely Lady' would be the most suitable show for you," the clerk replied in a languid voice.

"Right!" said Bill. "Send 'em up to 124 when you get them."

That settled. Bill consulted his diary for a telephone number. To-night he was scheduled to have the company of a girl. A girl who was white, easy to look at, well groomed, and witty. A girl who walked gracefully and danced like a sprite. This denoted Heather Harland. Heather would bubble over with excitement at the sound of his voice, cancel all engagements, then, with him, happily hit all the high spots in town.

He dialled the number. "Miss Harland, please."

"Sorry," said a cool voice. "Section-Officer Harland is at her station—Somewhere in Australia!"

"Section-Officer?" Bill grunted. "What the—er—I'm sorry. I don't get it."

"Section-Officer Harland is a member of the W.A.A.A.P.," said the voice, even more coolly. "If you desire to communicate with her—"

"Never mind," interrupted Bill, wearily.

He tried three other numbers before he contacted a girl, but she was so frightfully busy with Red Cross work that she couldn't possibly go to a show to-night. However, she would have a free night perhaps the week after next if he cared to call her. Bill mumbled something about the lack of trunk-line facilities in New Guinea, and hung up miserably.

Ten days' leave—and no girl! He sighed. A knock at the door was the signal for the entrance of a youth with two theatre tickets.

"Sixteen shillings, sir," he said. Bill flicked him a pound note. "O.K. son—keep the change." The youth saluted smartly, and vanished.

After pondering glumly for a while Bill made his way to the elevator. It was driven by a smartly uniformed girl who curved nicely in the right places. "Ground floor," she called.

"I think," remarked Bill, "that I'll go up again."

As they ascended, he asked: "Would you care to go to a show with me to-night? I've just got back from—"

"New Guinea," the girl broke in, pertly, "and all your girl friends are out of town?"

"That's right!" Bill nodded eagerly. "How did you know?"

"Mister," said the girl plyingly, as she stopped the car at the fifth floor, "within the last three hours I've had that tale put over me by two majors, a colonel, and a wing-commander."

Bill was so abashed that he stepped straight out of the elevator and had to walk down five flights to the ground floor.

He gained no inspiration from two moodily consumed whiskies, and left the bar to walk towards the street door. At the reception desk—apparently waiting for the clerk—was a girl in mechanic's overalls. So that's what had happened to all the girls! Women as railway porters—women conducting trains—women lift-drivers. And how a girl mechanic.

About to pass her, he caught a glimpse of a face that despite an obvious weariness was full of charm. A forgotten smudge of grease adorned the tip of her nose; her hands still bore traces of grime—and not a few scratches.

Bill was amazed to feel himself strangely attracted.

"Hello," he said, with a heartiness he was far from feeling. "How's trade?"

She swept him with a totally impersonal glance, and Bill suddenly discovered that she had magnificent eyes. "What particular trade," she parried, "are you interested in?"

"I was just wondering," admitted Bill, "what time you finish?"

"How," asked the girl, "would that concern you?"

"I—I've got two tickets for a show to-night—and I can't take up two seats by myself. I just got back to-day from—"

"New Guinea," wearily. "And you have to go back in a few days, and you're lonely. It's a wonder you boys don't work up a new approach. That one—if you don't mind me saying so—has long grey whiskers

on it. Good-night!"

Defeated, Bill retreated to the bar, morbidly consumed two more drinks, munched uninterestedly at a lonely dinner, then went to bed. This on the first night of his wonderful, magnificent ten days' leave!

A sense of frustration prevented even the full enjoyment of the long-anticipated sleep in a real bed. That girl. Despite her smudged nose and overalls she had relegated to the extreme background of his mind all the gilded buds he had recently thought so desirable. In imagination he substituted a gold-leaf evening gown for the overalls. The effect was tantalising.

It was late next afternoon when he saw her again. Her slim figure was again encased in overalls, but the grease-spot was missing.

"I say!" he said. "Yes?" she queried. "What is it to-day?"

"Yesterday," Bill said, words tumbling out quickly lest she should again escape him, "when I told you I was just back from New Guinea, you told me to work up a new approach."

"Good advice, too," the girl replied. "Did you?"

"No," Bill said humbly. "I was hoping to see you again—to ask what line you would suggest."

The girl smiled—and the ice was broken. Bill was enchanted.

She said: "Why not try the truth? Walk up to the girl and say, 'Please, Miss, my name is George Smith. I'm in training camp at So-and-so. I used to be a bus driver in Perth, but I can't get leave for long enough to go home, so I've got to spend it here—and I don't know anyone. Would you go to the pictures with me?' Get the idea?"

"I get it!" he smiled. "Please, Miss, my name is Bill. I used to be a—er—grocer in Adelaide. I've got a bit of leave from training camp, but not enough to go home. Please, would you come to a show with me to-night?"

"Much better," she nodded approvingly. "Now go and try it on some nice girl. I wish you luck."

"I don't want a nice girl," Bill protested vehemently. "I want you!" "Thanks!" This time she really laughed—to the complete demoralisation of Corporal McGregor.

"Tell me," he begged, "what is your name?"

"Catherine," she admitted. "But it won't do you any good—I'm fagged out. I've done a ten-hour shift to-day."

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THEIR CHRISTMAS EVE

**His recipe for happiness
worked like a lucky charm**

By BROOKE HANLON

MAN in love with his wife," Roger Nichols described himself humorously, as he stood in the jeweller's shop.

It was the afternoon of Christmas Eve, and he was choosing a gift for Becky. She had been strange and remote of late, but the Christmas holidays would cheer her up.

"I'll take these," He chose leaf-clips that were an arrant extravagance.

It was the first year that both the children had been away at college, and the house had been a little lonely for three months. That was all it amounted to.

Becky had been busy shopping, and getting ready for Tim and Marion, and she hadn't had a lot of time for him.

Roger's shoulders swung more easily now as he made his way through the crowd, and the Christmas spirit leaped in his veins again. Marion would marry Peter Moffat, probably next summer. It was fun having his daughter at home again, in spite of the fact that he'd scarcely seen her in the three days since she'd returned. Tim, his son of eighteen, was filling out. He had caught several glimpses of Tim.

"Wait till they see the tree . . ." he said to himself.

An old fool—always a fool about that's what he was. Nobody knew he was an old fool but Becky and the children, fortunately. No one knew that he'd been spending his lunch hours for days scouring the shops for things that would bring cries of delight from his son and daughter, and helpless laughter from his wife. If Becky laughed in that helpless fashion this year, it would bring her back into the house.

Becky was playing bridge in Rita Reynolds' flat overlooking the park. It was nearly five o'clock, and soon she'd have to go. She'd played here feverishly six afternoons out of the last nine. Sometimes when Rita tried to meet her eyes exultantly after a hand, Becky would be looking down at the thing she had come here to escape.

There came moments while the cards were being dealt or while a player was studying a hand when fear would crash through.

"Don't go," Rita pressed her at five o'clock.

"I must go, and"—it was the ghost of Becky's smile—"I've got heaps to do to-night. It's Christmas Eve, you heathens."

She hurried away, and now found herself shivering in the train. She was alone, and vulnerable, and there was no protection against what had happened in the surgery nine days ago.

She shouldn't have gone to see Matthew, her doctor as well as her friend, in the first place, of course. She moved miserably in her seat. A doctor she didn't know—a safe, impersonal stranger would have been better.

She thought back to that time in the surgery of Matthew's funny gravity over what she had just told him. She'd laughed, and then not laughed. That was all.

For Matthew hadn't been quick enough. With a stranger he could have pulled it off, but in the face of all the things they had laughed at together, his professional mask had cracked. Shock and a swift fear had shown in his eyes, a mere flash of them, and then he'd turned away.

Her voice had sounded thin and queer.

"You don't think it's—anything serious. You don't think—"

"I don't think anything," he said gently. "We don't have to think. We just make a simple test. I can let you know the result in—"

"Oh, no—wait!" Her hand had come up, to fend something off. "Just a moment, Matthew. Not now. I don't want to know now. Let me have Christmas. The children will be home. They've been away for months."

"All right," he'd said slowly, "I don't know why not, if that's what you want, Becky."

He had seemed tired, holding her hand closely, ushering her past his receptionist.

But it had been lying in wait for her everywhere. It had come between her and the children; it was most of all between her and Roger. There was danger in even being near Roger these days. She had wakened, half-sobbing, from a dream in which she'd been crying over and over again. "I'm frightened, Roger. I'm frightened!"

Now, here was Christmas Eve, and

Christmas—

*"I'm going to superintend," said
Becky, a hard, forced brightness
in her tone.*

it would have to be the same as always.

She was spoiling the time she had bargained for with Matthew. It was a little parcel of time—filled with broken glimpses of Christmas, with broken glimpses of the children. It might be all the time she had and she must not, to-night, avoid Roger and bring that questioning into his eyes.

There was a huge, easy-chair in the sitting-room, and Marion Nichols was stretched out in it, waiting for Peter's telephone call.

She had been waiting for four days, and it was beginning to hurt. Or was it silly to say that the hurt was beginning, when it had been with her for three months? She took refuge in staring at her father's Christmas tree.

But that didn't help. The telephone was still there, and her ears were still straining. Why had she been so certain that Peter wouldn't let Christmas pass? But he wouldn't. He wouldn't. And, if he did, she'd see him at the dance to-night.

The vast tree standing there waiting, and she was going out—"The first break in the family circle, or The Empty Chair." She grimaced. If a man of forty-eight years wanted to go on being such an old-fashioned goose about Christmas, there was little that could be done about it. Marion got up, moving restlessly. What she must do was come down to dinner dressed for the club dance in an unmistakable way.

Fear pressed up, catching her breath.

The three months since the quarrel with Peter were over now. A tender sort of smile touched the girl's face. They were over because, even if Peter remained too stubborn to telephone and ask if he might take her to the dance, he would still be there. He'd be there alone, stiff-necked and miserable with the obstinacy that was his alone, and that had put her through the three most miserable months of her life.

The smell of the tree was good, after all, with one's eyes closed. It was walking in the woods with Peter. It was the essence of all Christmases, and all of them leading up to this Christmas, which would be hers and Peter's.

When Peter saw her to-night, he'd

known—they'd both know—how everything had to be.

It was a good thing she was letting Gerald take her to the dance. It was five o'clock now and perhaps—perhaps Peter wasn't going to telephone after all.

It was time dad came home and did something about his Christmas log if the shivers were going to take her this way. The fantastically large log piled on its framework of smaller ones and waiting for the lighting ceremony blurred and was washed out of sight by sudden tears.

Tim changed from one suit to another.

It was hard for a family to understand the things that could happen in three months. No one would understand the importance of having to go to the club with John Harrow's party to-night. He just had to be there as an extra man with instructions to take care of John's sister. John must be left free to devote his time—a lot of it—to his sister's friend.

Tim studied himself in the mirror and brushed his hair carefully.

Whether the family understood or not, there were certain things he had to do for John. He was thinking "family," of course, when what he really meant was his father.

Other years it had been all right for the family to have their usual evening together, but this year, as anyone could see, it would have to go on without little Tim. Only why had he waited three days to tell anyone that he was booked up for Christmas Eve?

It was about half-past five now, and at any moment his father might be home. Would it be better to talk to his mother first, and enlist her support in sloughing off the old family custom? Or would his father be more likely to appreciate one man's obligation to another? Tim moved rather hesitantly towards the stairs.

Becky moved to a chair in the shadow, in the sitting-room. She looked round again, helpless, at the children.

A pool of light flooded Marion's chair now; her legs were curled under her in it and her mouth was set. Resistance was in every line of

Tim's young body. "Well, that's how it is, Mother." He tried to inject a take-it-or-leave-it note into his voice. "But why must you go out, Marion?" He turned suddenly on his sister.

"I'm just going," Marion was wrapped up in something, insulated. "But as for you and your silly promise to John Harrow—You haven't even got a partner."

"You wouldn't understand," Tim told her.

"Oh, don't mind me." She pushed it all aside, wearily. "There's no reason why you should stay at home to nurse dad through Christmas Eve, any more than I."

They were both looking at her now. Becky walked to the mantelpiece, and moved her hands among its decorations, and leaned against it for a moment. Not this year, she pleaded silently. We must have this last good Christmas—

"You haven't been at home one evening since you came back, either of you." Her voice sounded forced and frightened in her own ears. "Your father expects it."

She brushed her hand dazedly

across her eyes and turned, trying to see Marion and Tim more clearly.

Had Marion's telephone call from Peter come through? There'd been a waiting sort of tension about the girl when she had flashed the light on in the living-room. Marion never gave anything but scattered and casual confidences. But she loved Peter. And he hadn't telephoned once since her return.

Becky's eyes darkened. She forced her gaze from her daughter and looked at her son.

"Have you a headache, Mother?" Tim asked.

"No, I—"

"Well, look here. You aren't standing there thinking the world has come to an end just because Marion and I have to go out to-night?"

Please turn to page 4





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SHE walked away from them, trying to face the fact that Roger's Christmas was gone. "If I were to ask you please to stay at home to-night, for me—" She waited.

"You aren't talking sense, Mother," Tim pointed out kindly.

"And you had better go and explain to dad and do some of the spade work." Marion moved uncomfortably.

They weren't asking her, after all; they were telling her.

She was in the hall when Roger came in and he dropped what seemed to be a thousand packages to the floor to give her a hard and frosty kiss. It was a sort of breaking-through kiss, and his eyes were anxious, trying to gauge its success.

Becky tried to smile up at him.

It was probably an odd smile, but he seized upon it. "Come up and talk to me while I dress."

"There are things to be done, Roger, I—" She had hesitated instinctively, and he'd seen. "Yes, I'll come up," she promised.

He was singing when she went up, singing Christmas carols, a little off-key.

She sat on the edge of the bed. Very still, her hands clasped tightly. "Did you look at the fur coat, Roger?"

"Look at it! I brought it home with me, also the camera and projector, as ordered."

"They'll—they'll be thrilled."

This wasn't what Roger wanted to talk about. He caught her hand and pulled her up, trying to find her eyes in the mirror. She had to look fixedly down.

She knew she should be telling him about the children's plans now, but no words came. Why not put it off? she thought, in sudden weakness. Why tell him before dinner?

She was a coward, after all. If she couldn't tell Roger that his favorite party of the year was broken up, how, when the time came,

Their Christmas Eve

Continued from page 3

was she going to tell him about herself?

She was on her feet now, and that helpless shaking had started again inside her. She hurried from the bedroom. Roger called her, uncertainly, once . . .

Blindly she went down the stairs. On the landing she stopped and clenched her hands for a moment, and went on.

"What are you wandering about for, Mother?" Marion said. "I hope dad wasn't too—too—"

"I didn't tell him. After dinner will be time enough, Marion." She must hurry now and help. "It's to see Peter you're going to the dance to-night, isn't it? He hasn't telephoned, has he? If I could tell you, dear—pride isn't any good. Don't let pride do anything to you that—"

"I won't, I won't. I've had three months to learn about pride. It's dust in my mouth." Marion caught Becky, and her lips were fresh and shy on her cheek. "Happy Christmas, Mother. Am I the first?"

"You're the first."

Pride was dust in the mouth, and the hope of heaven was stardust in the eyes. Becky watched it, frightened for Marion. Let it stay there, she prayed. She was full of prayers to-night, wandering about her house. There had to be a prayer now that she could make a Christmas Eve for herself and Roger, and make it alone.

TIM stood stupidly on the landing. He must have come out of his room pretty quietly, for him, since his mother hadn't heard him. It was plain she hadn't heard, for she had gone down the stairs—looking as if, as if—

Tim's hand moved over his frightened face. An anguished sort of woman had gone down the stairs—not his mother. He must have dreamed it.

He turned with uncertain movement, and went back to his room and sat on in the dark. But it was a headache, probably.

When the gong sounded he got up dully, and went downstairs.

"Mother, may I—" He bowed low and took his mother's arm, and held it tightly all the way into the dining-room. He looked at her just a little bit, shy and close. Something was wrong. She was pale and she walked woodenly beside him, and wouldn't meet his eyes.

Dinner was going to be endless. At least it seemed so at first. Then, treacherously, dinner was nearly over, and the maid was bringing in the dessert, and no one had said anything. His father was still trying. Marion was the one, really. Tim's eyes went to her, hopefully. She was the elder. If she'd just break the ice, and then, he, Tim, could—

"Eat up, all of you." His father's heartiness sounded a little uncertain. "You haven't eaten a thing, Becky. We've got a heavy night's work ahead of us, remember."

"I was thinking—" Tim plunged. His voice sounded false and off-key and he started again. "That is, don't count on me to help with the tree, Dad." Now his voice was too loud. "I've got to go to the dance at the club. That is, I promised John Harrow—"

His story sounded lame and confused, and when it was finished he sat clutching his glass and not looking at any of them.

"I can't be here, either, Dad," Marion said. "I'm going to the club, too. After all, it's the first time we've been out on Christmas Eve, and no doubt you and mother can struggle through."

They waited for the explosion, but none came.

"You see, Roger"—Tim looked gratefully at his mother—"things are different this year. The children—feel they want to—go to the dance."

His mother, who never stumbled, stumbled now. Her voice simply died and her fingers played nervously with a spoon.

His father should have said something, but he didn't. He should have scolded, giving them a chance to argue. But after one uncertain glance at them he'd merely leaned heavily back in his chair. His face looked heavy, too. He got up slowly.

"Well, excuse me"—Marion pushed her dessert away. "I'll go and dress."

"I'd better be going, too." Tim stood up awkwardly. He was halfway up the stairs when he started back. "Mother," he lowered his voice, going back to the dining-room, "you could laugh him out of it. Why don't you—" He stopped.

His mother had been putting the table candles out and she'd reached the last one, but not soon enough. Her eyes were wet, bending over it. "Go on upstairs and dress, Tim," she said in the safe darkness.

Tim stood still. But she wanted him to go, he realised then, stupidly. He turned and went quietly. It couldn't be a headache. His mother wasn't crying just because he and Marion were going out to-night, either; that wouldn't have been her way.

He started dressing, mechanically, and found that he had nearly an hour to wait.

"Confound John Harrow." He went out to the upstairs telephone, but Marion was there, merely leaning against the wall, holding the telephone. She was trying to shape words with her lips, but no words came. "I—I don't have to pretend with you, Helen," she said at last. "Yes, I know why you—wanted—to tell me." Her arm dropped and the telephone crashed and missed its rest.

Helen Wier, Marion's best friend. But what on earth? Tim shifted miserably from one foot to another. Marion, now—what was the matter with her?

He reached across her and replaced the receiver. She groped for a chair and sat down, and her shoulders were shaking.

"Marion—what's the matter?"

"Peter—" It was stifled laughter, a little wild. "Peter and Molly. Since September they've been going about together, and I didn't know. Everyone was too kind to tell me. Everyone wanted to let me go to the dance to-night—and see for myself."

A pitiful sort of laughter was carrying Marion over the breaks in her speech. She stood up and pushed her hair back, and her mouth went on working. "I can't go." She was quieter, frightened. "I can't see them—not yet. Tim, you'll have to telephone and tell Gerry. Any excuse you can think of."

ROGER moved mechanically about the living-room. He worked awkwardly, his fingers all thumbs, the familiar litter of tree trimming about him. There was no meaning to any of it now.

He moved slowly to a chair and reached for a cigarette.

When Marion came into the room he raised his hand absently. She came jerkily and sat on the arm of his chair, and then with a sudden and convulsive movement she was pressing her face into his shoulder. His arm went round her and he stopped thinking about Becky for a moment.

"I thought you were dressing for a dance," he said.

"I'm staying at home to—to help you." Her face was still hidden.

"What's the matter, my dear?"

"Nothing." Her grip on his arm hurt a little, and when she raised her head he saw that she'd been crying. "What do you do, Dad, when things come to an end?"

He looked at her keenly, and then away.

"You just set to work and dress a Christmas tree, Marion."

"Yes." She looked stupidly at the tree. "Let's start. I'll fix these bulbs."

Roger turned away and made a great fuss with tissue-paper and boxes.

Tim came in quietly. He stood watching them for a moment.

"What can I do?" he offered. "I made your telephone call for you, Marion." Roger saw him move closer to his sister. "You have got two yellows together there." His voice was carefully casual. "Here you are. Try this one."

Marion's words were slightly blurred. "I thought you were going—"

"Oh, I called that off," Tim said easily. "There are dances and dances—now Tim was escaping up the high step-ladder—and we've got a pretty good party here at home. If you ask me. How about that, Dad? Mother has a headache." His voice came carelessly from up among the branches. "At least I think so. I looked in a couple of times but the lights were out and she didn't say anything. Asleep, probably."

"Who's asleep?" It was Becky, pale but smiling. "I'm going to sit over here and superintend every move and—and find faults with everything." Her voice was hard with forced brightness.

Please turn to page 20

HOW TO PROTECT YOUR CLOTHING AGAINST

MOTHS AND

Silverfish

Woolens, furs, blankets, carpets—the things most difficult to replace are feeding grounds for moth grubs or larvae. The moth itself does no harm, but the grubs, or larvae, that hatch out from the eggs can do irreparable damage. Washing or dry cleaning kills moth eggs.

Prevention is best. At regular intervals take all stored woollen, wool-rayon and wool-cotton garments, etc., into the open air. Shake and brush thoroughly, especially under lapels and collars. Clean cupboards, chests of drawers, using vacuum cleaner where possible.

Silverfish feed on rayon, stored furs and cotton. Books, prints and pictures are common feeding grounds. Clean bookshelves, backs of pictures and stored papers at intervals.

How to make bait cards: Bait cards may be purchased or may be made at home. Boil 3 pints of thin flour-and-water paste; add 4 oz. sugar, 1 oz. salt, 1 oz. sodium fluosilicate. Apply, hot, to both sides of cardboard; then dry, place in infested places. This bait is **POISONOUS TO HUMANS.**

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W.1727

EVIE AND THE WAR EFFORT



LATE in the afternoon, when I couldn't think of anything better to do, I started practising artificial respiration on Maisie Travers, who is fat. She kept yelling that I was making her black and blue, so I stopped, and she sat huffing and puffing.

"Oh, come on," I said, "let's cycle over to the aerodrome and see if there are any parachutists practising again. There's nothing to do here. Sometimes I think my family might just as well not have had me, for all the attention they give me. We're not even going up to the farm at all this summer."

"Why not?" said Maisie, who is rather stupid besides being fat.

"Because of the war, silly. And everybody being so wrapped up in what they're doing. I can't see the sense of spending a whole year in school if you don't have a decent holiday to make up for it."

I went upstairs to put on my shorts. When I came down my sister Madeleine was at the phone in the hall outside the dining-room.

"Is Harold at home?" she was saying. "Oh, he isn't? No—no message. This is just a friend. She put back the receiver and looked as if she were going to cry."

Silly! I thought to myself. You'd think by her age a person would have enough sense not to worry about things like men. The only man I like is my brother Bill, because he treats me as if I were human and grown-up, but Bill is in the Army.

Madeleine jumped a little when she saw me.

"Hullo, infant," she said shakily.

I have been asking my family for ages not to call me "infant." It is most embarrassing to have people look for a six-months-old baby when I am addressed. Besides, it makes them think I am younger than I am. I'll be fourteen in eleven months.

Maisie and I cycled out to the aerodrome, passing the factory on the way. Mr. Thomas, who is an old friend of ours, came out and stopped to speak to us.

"Well, Evie," he said, "I've just had news. Your father certainly has done me proud. Twins! Two boys! I'm going up to the hospital to see if they want footballs yet."

It was nice to see someone so happy.

I left Maisie at her house and went home. I sat on the front step where father could see me when he drove up, and I looked unhappy so that he would notice and give me a chance to explain about my holiday being nearly over and having nothing to show for it. But father came home hot because these days a doctor can't take time off to cool down, and he did not notice I was unhappy.

"Hullo, infant," he said, and went quickly on inside.

I strolled out to the back garden to see mother. She was all dirty and in a brown overall.

"Mother, I want to go to the farm," I said. "I'm rotting here." That started her laughing. I wish I had a mother with more dignity.

"Darling, there's no one to take you. I've told you that. I'm sorry." She looked at her garden. "Do you know what I think, infant? I think I'll get up a committee to ask old Lady Snellely to give up part of her estate for a kitchen garden to provide the hospital with vegetables."

She was teasing, of course. Lady

Snellely owns the largest house in Larnchester, and it is very beautiful—at least what you can see from the outside is. Lady Snellely keeps to herself.

"Why can't I go up to the farm alone?" I said.

"Because you can't. But perhaps a chocolate mousse for supper will assuage your misery."

I looked up assuage in the dictionary. At dinner I ate two portions of chocolate mousse, and did feel more cheerful, and was about to ask for a third when mother suddenly noticed that Madeleine wasn't eating anything.

"What's the matter, dear?" mother said. "Aren't you well?"

"For heaven's sake!" said Madeleine. "That's the first thing anyone ever thinks of in a doctor's house. That there's something physically wrong with you."

The telephone rang, and Madeleine jumped up and ran to it. She came back quickly and slumped in her chair and said, "It's only Lady Snellely having a heart attack again."

"I hope," father said, "that old hypochondriac isn't going to drag me out there to give her some new pills. I want to get back to the hospital."

I looked up hypochondriac in the dictionary. It said: "A person suffering from a complaint characterized by real or supposed bodily ailments and sensations, with loss of spirits and want of feeling for others." It sounded sad.

"When you go to see her," mother said to father, "suggest to her that digging for victory might take her mind off herself."

"I might as well ask her to put some of our hospital cases in her house," father said, and they both laughed.

Father went off on his call and then to the hospital, and it was quite late when he came back. Mother and I sat on the front lawn for ages. Then mother said all of a sudden: "It's queer, but Madeleine hasn't come down. She must be up there sitting in the dark."

I was going to tell her about Madeleine ringing up Harold, but I stopped myself. Madeleine does not like to be bothered, and, besides, I am not supposed to listen in to other people's telephone conversations.

Next day Maisie came to call for me. There was no one at home, so we took our bikes and went out to look at the shops. Whom should we see coming out of a tobacconist's but Harold Drummond. He looked as if he were in an awful hurry, so I got in his way and he had to stop.

By FRANCES SHIELDS

"Hullo, Evie!" he said, "how's everybody?"

"We're all fine, except Madeleine. Why haven't you written, and are you home on leave?"

His face got red, but he ignored my questions. "What's the matter?" he said.

"We really don't know. She's kind of wasting away."

"Perhaps it's the weather," said Harold, getting rushed again. "Well, good-bye, kids, I have to run along."

"I thought this was your leave," I persisted. "What's keeping you so busy?"

Harold looked annoyed. "I'm not on leave." And with that he got on his bicycle and rode away.

"Come on," I said to Maisie, "let's get on our bikes and follow him. I want to see where he's going."

We followed Harold at a distance. He went right through the town and out towards the aerodrome. I



Father was still gazing at the main mass of paratroops, but I had sighted something else.

thought that was rather queer, because he's supposed to be in the Army, not the Air Force. I decided there were a lot of things we ought to know, so I put a spurt on and managed to block his way just as he was turning into the gates of the aerodrome.

"You're trapped," I said. "I thought you were in the Army."

Harold looked angry. "I'm training to be a paratroop. And if you tell anyone, something unpleasant will happen to you."

"Why is it a secret? I think it's wonderful," I said.

Harold groaned. "I don't for one minute suppose you'll understand, young woman. But if mother or Madeleine knew I was doing this, they'd worry themselves stiff."

"Sounds silly to me," I told him. "Still, if you want it to be a secret, you can trust me. I won't split." I crossed my heart. It was a very important feeling.

Then I went back to Maisie and told her Harold was just going to see a friend.

When I got home, father was reading a letter from Bill.

"Good Lord!" he was saying, "that boy hasn't looked at a girl all his twenty-four years, and now that he's in the Army he gets himself engaged. And he's bringing her here to look us over! How do you like that?"

"Don't get excited, Henry," mother said. "Although I agree that he might have consulted somebody first. I'm snowed under with work. And now to go through the excitement of meeting a prospective daughter-in-law! Where shall we put her?"

I didn't see why Bill shouldn't get engaged if it made him happy, and I felt sorry for him because of the way they were taking it—like an interruption in their work. Nobody cared how anybody felt. It was only the war work they were worried about.

On Friday night Mr. Thomas' house burned down. It made the sky beautifully red, and Mr. Thomas was hopping about on the lawn in his pyjamas. The house burned down to the ground before the engines got there, and father brought Mr. Thomas, still in his pyjamas, back to our house. Mr. Thomas had saved two little teddy-bears from the fire, and he held them to his chest and said, "Where'd I put them? They're so young. He did not mean the bears, of course. He meant the new babies."

Mr. Thomas stayed that night, and had to take all Saturday off to look

for somewhere to live. I went with him because I was sorry for him, but there wasn't a spot to be had in Larnchester. It was so crowded.

Poor Mr. Thomas looked very down in the mouth. I had an idea. I said to mother, "Why don't you ask Lady Snellely to put the Thomas' up? She has that big house, and she's probably lonely all by herself."

Mother was on her way to a WVS committee meeting, and was in a rush, so she just smiled at me and said, "You ask her, infant. You'll have to employ shock tactics to get in to see her." I could see mother did not think much of Lady Snellely.

I got out my bicycle and made Maisie ride on the step, which she hates. I rode out to Lady Snellely's estate, and a swooshy car came down the river, practically crawling, and as I hoped, Maisie screamed and tried to push me out of the way, but instead we went right over into the car, which stopped.

I lay in the road, dead. Lady Snellely said in a high voice, "Oh, my heart!"

And then Lady Snellely's chauffeur got down and picked me up and put me on the back seat and drove back to the house.

Lady Snellely got the chauffeur to carry me upstairs, and put me on a bed, and I heard her tell him to call Dr. Drake at once. And Maisie said, "That's Eva Drake. That's his daughter that you have run over, Lady Snellely." Which I imagine did not do Lady Snellely's heart any good.

The chauffeur came back and said Dr. Drake couldn't be found, and he would try to get an ambulance from the hospital.

"The hospital's too crowded," I said, forgetting the state I was supposed to be in.

"Oh, thank heaven!" said Lady Snellely, not meaning the hospital but thanking heaven I was not dead.

The next I knew they poured some wonderful liquid down my throat. I opened my eyes. Lady Snellely



"Well," I said to Lady Snellely. "That's that. She'll stop moping."

was leaning over me, looking for a person with a want of feeling for others, very anxious. "You just lie still," she said, "Don't try to talk. We'll get your father here as soon as we can."

"My father does not care what happens to me," I said.

Lady Snellely looked startled. "Why, what do you mean?" she said. "Of course he cares about you."

"He doesn't. All he cares about is his war work. And that's all mother cares about, too."

"That's absurd," said Lady Snellely. "Do you mean to say they're neglecting you?"

"Yes," I said, with a great deal of sorrow. "I am very lonely."

Lady Snellely laughed queerly. "You'll get used to it," she said. "I've been lonely for years."

"But, Lady Snellely," I said, "you've got everything."

Lady Snellely said, "I haven't anything. I used to have a family. It's gone away. I used to have friends. I'm too old for them to bother with. I haven't had a guest for four months."

I kept quiet, letting her talk.

"Even the war," she said, "hasn't made them come to see me. They're all running about as busy as bees. I know, I see them. And no one has asked me to do anything."

Please turn to page 20



PICTURE of the evening's prize wallflower! Charming to look at but left to bloom alone! Oh, why doesn't some kind friend tell her that freshness is the most appealing charm of all! Like Ruth, many girls think they're dainty beyond reproach but still are victims of "B.O." There's one dependable way—one—to keep safe... use Lifebuoy. The health element that helps Lifebuoy guard against "B.O." makes Lifebuoy extra mild... definitely milder than many beauty and baby soaps.



*From head to toe
it stops "B.O."*

A LEVER PRODUCT

W.74.1

Aunt Polly says ...

Dad says the reason a woman often still wants to marry the man who jilted her is so she can have her revenge.

I'm certainly glad I don't have to go through this war without Rinso. Imagine havin' to scrub out the grease and dirt 'stead o' lettin' Rinso's rich, thick suds ease it gently away. Yes, Rinso sure makes things last alright.

Generosity doesn't always mean givin'. Sometimes it's takin' a gift in spite of your

pride, because takin' it pleases another.

The best way to get to know all your relations is to suddenly win the Lottery.

Even though I win the Lottery I'll always want to take care o' my silks and coloureds. There's nothin' like Rinso to keep the Sunday-best look about special things. And here's another tip! Try Rinso with greasy washing-up.



*Rinso's richer, thicker suds
make the whole wash sparkle*

A LEVER PRODUCT

7.11.1.1

MYSTERY STALKS THE ROOF

Final instalment of our absorbing serial

By...
THEODORA DU BOIS

AT a quarter past two in the morning the strange wedding party arrived at the Saint Timothy rectory. Jill's car was in the drive ahead of ours, and we sat behind it waiting while Rufus got out, went up to the door, and rang the bell.

In the light of the opened door we saw a tall and thin old clergyman. He nodded, and disappeared into the house, and Rufus came back to our car. I rolled down the window and he said that we were all to go into the church. The rector would open the vestry door, and Mrs. Murray and I could sit in one of the front pews.

He sounded tense and defiant and as if he wanted to get this safely over as soon as possible.

I wanted this also, so that it could not be undone.

In the vestry we were introduced to Mr. Carleton, who seemed a man so concerned with spiritual matters that it would not occur to him to question the reason for a marriage at two in the morning. I think he would have forgotten to ask about the marriage licence if Rufus had not insisted upon producing it.

The clergyman was anxious to take Mrs. Murray and me into the church and show us hand-carved choir stalls and corbels and the reredos, but Rufus was able, tactfully, to suggest that he do so after the ceremony. So he said, "Yes, yes, that would be better perhaps."

Then Mrs. Murray and I went on into the church. We seemed to wait a long time. I felt increasingly nervous and apprehensive, greatly afraid that something would happen to break this situation. Yet what could, at least until later, until Jeffrey should get in touch with the police and see what they had to say?

I wondered if Jeffrey had arrived yet and wished that I had left a note for him. It was extraordinary that I had forgotten to. He would be worried beyond measure.

This night was a bad dream that unwound endlessly. Mrs. Murray whispered: "I should have told Doctor Burch and had him come to give her away. How will she walk in?"

I was not so much concerned about Jill's walking in as about the speed with which she and Rufus could hurry out and off to Mexico. Mr. Carleton came in, solemnly down to the chancel steps. Jill and Bud and Rufus came together through the door in the right transept. It seemed to worry Mrs. Murray that the bride and groom should make a simultaneous entrance. I heard her muttering, "Dear, dear, how stupid of me not to have thought."

Shadowy memories of other weddings went through my mind: the white veils and trains of brides, the rose and blue and yellow gowns of bridesmaids, the strained and occasionally exalted look of grooms—emotional mothers in pearl-grey or lavender with orchids.

The bride's flowers! I did wish that she were not carrying tulips.

The voice of Mr. Carleton was filling the dim church with familiar and moving words. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this company to join together this man and this woman—"

It was in "Lorna Doone" that a shot had broken through the window and struck the bride at the altar; but that was fiction and melodrama, and I had no reason really to be apprehensive about anything except, perhaps, Jeffrey's arriving at Doctor Burch's and finding us gone. And yet my mind conjured up the most sombre thoughts.

The clergyman and Rufus and Jill had moved up the chancel towards the altar, and the service was nearly ended.

"Grant, we beseech Thee, that the child of this Thy servant may daily increase in wisdom and stature—"

So they were safely married and they could go speeding down now across the map to Mexico, and later, when all this unpleasantness was



settled, they could come back to Westchester and buy their farm and have their horses.

No shot had broken through the stained-glass windows. I told myself that I had been a nervous fool. Here was Jill beside us now kissing her mother, and I was shaking Rufus' hand and congratulating him. We went down the aisle of the church and Bud opened the door. This was the main door into the vestibule. Mr. Carleton unlocked that outer door, and as it opened we saw a car standing in front of the church.

It was a police car, and three officers were coming up the steps.

"I'm sorry we've picked a bad time," O'Connor said, "but there's no way out of it. I've got to arrest you, Keyes, and your wife, too, for the murder of Mrs. Vinson."

This, then, was the shot for which I had been waiting. Its reaction was as if some shocking detonation had stunned us.

Rufus Keyes demanded angrily, "What grounds do you think you have?"

"There's no 'thinking' about it," O'Connor answered, and he, too, was angry. "We've got the facts and the evidence."

"What evidence?" Rufus confronted the three men.

WE stood on the church steps in a group lighted by the car's headlights. The tall clergyman gripped his Bible and seemed too astounded to speak. I heard Bud whisper to Jill to take it easy, that Jeffrey would pull them out of this jam in no time at all.

"Listen," O'Connor told him. "If you've got anything to say you can tell it at the trial."

The Swedish officer said, "It's a pity we didn't get here ten minutes earlier; now they can't testify against each other."

I said, "Just what is your evidence, Mr. O'Connor?"

He answered: "You ought to know, Mrs. McNeill. It was in your jewel box."

"You were the one listening in when I telephoned Doctor McNeill?" I asked.

"I was that."

"Wire-tapping!" It seemed to me despicable.

"Come on, now," the disagreeable short officer said to Rufus Keyes. "We can't stand here talking all night." He put his hand on Jill's arm.

Before any of us knew what was happening, Rufus struck him and knocked him down the steps. He sprawled on the ground against the car's wheel, and Rufus, grabbing Jill's arm, said, "Let's go, Jill." Pulling her after him, he jumped off the side of the steps among a group of bushes.

The Swedish officer called, "Stop, or I'll shoot you."

"I'm sorry we've picked a bad time," said O'Connor, coming towards Rufus and Jill.

Mrs. Murray cried out, "Jill, Jill!" And I called: "Don't be complete idiots! Come back."

There was the sound of a shot. For a moment none of us spoke. We were too deeply afraid. The officer, too, seemed frightened and remorseful. He said, "Gosh, I hope I didn't get either of them," and went down off the steps into the bushes. O'Connor followed him. The third man was picking himself up from the road.

I was immeasurably relieved to hear Jill's voice in the darkness saying: "Very well, we'll come back. There's no hope, Rufus."

The two officers led them around from the back of the car. Metal gleamed on their wrists.

Jill stood by the side of the car and said: "I'm sorry, Mother. I seem to have made a fairly stupendous mess of things."

"That's enough—no more jabbering," O'Connor ordered. "Get in the car there."

But as Rufus Keyes was shoved roughly in, he looked back at me and called, "Anne, I know who pushed Alex Walshied off the roof, and I'm sure that in some way that ties up with Mrs. Vinson's death."

They slammed the door shut on him. The engine was started and the car pulled away.

"Dear me—dear me," the clergyman said. "What an unfortunate beginning for married life!"

Beside me Bud gave a gulp, and I felt that he was about to burst into nervous laughter.

Mrs. Murray said: "I think we had better hurry home, Anne, and pack a small bag to send down to Jill. I suppose that a tweed suit and a sweater or two would be the most suitable things, don't you?"

I said yes, and almost added that was undoubtedly what the smartly dressed woman would wear in gaol.

We got into my car and drove back to Doctor Burch's.

The front door was wide open and Doctor Otis and three State policemen were in the hall talking to Jeffrey and Doctor Burch. The lights were on brightly, and the atmosphere of the house, as we came into it, was one of almost shocking emotional disturbance.

It seems that Jeffrey had scarcely noticed our absence, or else he had known where we were. He was arguing with the men with impatience.

"But what if Rufus Keyes does use green-headed drawing-pins?" he was demanding. "Anyone else in the house could have taken one of them. That in itself means nothing."

"Yeah, sure," one of the officers said, "but look at the motive Keyes and Miss Murray had. The Vinson woman was going to spread around

all that story of Miss Murray's being married to Alex Walshied. That would throw suspicion on her pushing him off the roof."

Jeffrey said: "There were other people here also who had reason to dislike Mrs. Vinson. Before making an arrest I must examine the whole house most carefully with the ultra-violet lamp to find traces of the fluorescein. The person who smeared the drawing-pin with the paste of fluorescein will have left traces of the drug about his room and his clothes. That is the next essential step before an arrest is made."

"But an arrest has been made already, Doctor McNeill," Doctor Otis said. "I must admit that I thought it unwise quite yet."

"Unwise! It was completely unjustified!" Jeffrey told them. "I say, Bud. Go up into Anne's room, will you, please, and bring down the atomiser and the ultra-violet lamp."

Doctor Burch said fustily: "Is it necessary now—I mean, Jeffrey, it is so unfortunate for my patients to be disturbed at this time of night. Can't this be postponed until the morning?"

I thought that the only patient left to be disturbed was old Mr. Fargo, and the more he was disturbed the better.

Jeffrey said: "I'm sorry. I don't want to leave Rufus and Jill in gaol any longer than necessary."

"Of course not—of course not," Doctor Burch replied hastily and as if he were a little ashamed.

Bud came down two steps at a time and handed the lamp to Jeffrey.

"All right," Jeffrey said. "Thanks. Now we must go through every bedroom and bathroom in the house."

It would have been less trying had we been able to do it alone, but the police, Doctor Otis, and Doctor Burch followed us. In the dark rooms, as Bud held the atomiser, sprayed the surfaces of furniture, and Jeffrey followed with the light, we were aware of people with strained nerves watching and breathing a little more heavily and swiftly than normal.

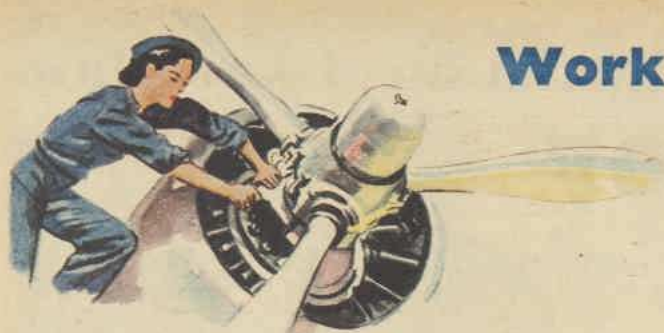
I thought there was an artificial cordiality as Doctor Burch welcomed us into his room. "Come right in, come right in," he told us, and swung his door wide. "I can tell you now you won't find anything here out of the ordinary. This was my little room as a boy, and I came back to it gladly when I retired from practice ten years ago."

And, of course, we should not find anything out of the way here, I thought, even if he had been responsible for Mrs. Vinson's death. Jeffrey had talked it over with him, and he would have had time to obliterate all traces of fluorescein, if that were possible.

We found no luminous silver-green on anything either in his room or in the bathroom. The soap gleamed, but not silver green; the porcelain basin gleamed where soap had been left. But there were no traces of what we were searching for.

Please turn to page 14





Working in overalls

or relaxing on the beach



she prefers Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips"

She's doing a man's job for her country, but she's well aware that it's a woman's job to keep on looking her loveliest. Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips" are her dependable aids to beauty. She likes Pond's Powder because it goes on with such misty smoothness, and *stays* on. She likes Pond's "Lips" because the lovely glowing colour lasts and lasts.

P.S. You should be able to buy Pond's "Lips" refills at your chemist or store. But now and then it may happen that supplies are temporarily short in your locality. Pond's are doing their best to keep everybody supplied, but wartime difficulties are sometimes beyond our control.



Pond's "Lips" Pond's Powder

Dr. Evatt praises special Christmas issue plans



AT No. 10 DOWNING STREET, Dr. Evatt, with Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden, Mr. Molotov, Mr. Matsky, and others at the Prime Minister's London residence. A Press photograph taken during Dr. Evatt's last trip abroad.

He says this tribute to our American Allies is a real service to both countries

Next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly has been planned as a tribute to our American Allies.

"I think it's an excellent idea," said the Minister for External Affairs, Dr. H. V. Evatt, in an interview. "The more Australians and Americans know about each other the better.

"From what I have learned of the contents of this special issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, I feel sure it will help to foster and strengthen the friendly understanding that already exists between Australians and the Americans who, for the past two years, have been living in this country and fighting side by side with our own men.

THAT is a real service to both countries," added Dr. Evatt. "I feel very keenly that everything possible should be done to retain the intimate friendship, co-operation, and comradeship now existing between us.

"After the war we'll have many mutual problems to tackle in the Pacific."

It has been the experience of this interviewer that, when talking to Dr. Evatt, all roads lead to the Pacific.

The large maps of it which hang on the walls of his office are never far from his mind.

From the insignificant-looking coral atolls which freckle its surface to the vast continents which bound it, his talk ranges—always with Australia and New Zealand as the focal point.

"Australia's policy for the Pacific is also New Zealand's policy," he says. "Mutual support between us is essential.

"On all the battle fronts Australians and New Zealanders have proved their valor and capacity. After the war we will have to maintain close concern in a special Pacific zone of security. It will include New Guinea, Timor, the Solomons, New Hebrides, New Caledonia.

"This is a non-aggressive policy, the object of Australia's leadership being to secure her own safety, and the safety of the people of those islands.

"It is only expansionist in

the sense that the United States has found it necessary to take control of Atlantic areas which, in enemy possession, would be a menace.

"By bitter experience, we have found what it means for places like Timor, New Guinea, the Hebrides, and Solomons to be used as enemy bases.

"Australia can't escape her

Dr. H. V. EVATT, Australia's Foreign Minister, who has led two successful missions abroad.

destiny. She can't stay put. Either she has got to move out or to move back. The internal combustion engine has obliterated distances which once spelt safety and justified optimism.

"To-day, these islands and territories, which command the approaches to Australia, cannot be neutralised. They are either a danger or a shield to us.

"Consider this simple fact that stands out to-day. If we had Timor in our possession, we could bomb Japanese shipping out of the South China seas. Never again must we ignore the plain facts of geography.

"Similarly, there is an enormous Pacific zone over which America might lead. I refer to those areas previously under Japanese mandate.

"When America is firmly entrenched in these areas and in the Philippines, and Australia and New Zealand work together, the Pacific will know real peace.

"It's not going to be a simple matter to settle, though. A lot of nations come into the picture. It will need

careful and intelligent handling, but the mutual goodwill of Australia and America will help if we retain the trust and friendship of the Dutch and the Fighting French.

"There must, of course, be full protection and no exploitation of native

Next week's Christmas issue

READERS will find in our next week's issue a brilliant series of articles, short stories, and sketches by leading American writers and artists.

The contributors include Pearl Buck, Clare Boothe, and Faith Baldwin, who write about war and post-war problems; Ann Batchelder, the famous authority on cooking; Edna Woolman Chase, the celebrated fashion writer; and many others.

The whole issue has been lavishly illustrated in color. Walt Disney has provided a special comic strip, and James Thurber matches himself against Australian artists in a page of humorous drawings.

The cover is a fine color reproduction of the late MacClelland Barclay's portrait of General MacArthur. Our Editor, Mrs. Alice Jackson, gives her personal impressions of General MacArthur and of General Blamey.

There is the first instalment of a romantic serial by Margaret Culkin Banning, entitled "The Girl Left Behind."

Besides the American features, your usual favorites, such as film news, Rene's fashion pictures, homemaking and soldiers' letters, will be in evidence, and each one has adopted a fascinating American accent.

Don't miss this special Christmas number, and be sure to send it to your menfolk in the Services. They'll enjoy its lavish pictorial display and its entertaining reading matter.



TALES OF THE PACIFIC

FAMOUS CARTOONIST LOW'S tribute to Dr. Evatt, published in an English paper during Dr. Evatt's momentous visit to England this year. The original has just been received by him.

faces. Our treatment of the natives in mandated New Guinea is something of which we can be proud. It sets a standard for the future.

"Our White Australia policy, which is the very core of our national well-being and will be continued, is not an aggressive policy, either. It was designed to maintain our living standards, and it has succeeded.

"Australia has not had the Fifth Column which has destroyed many other countries.

"All this is perfectly well understood by our Allies in the present war.

"We have other post-war problems which are world problems, too. We live in security in Australia to-day by the deathless valor of our fighting forces. We are trustees for their post-war future.

"We can't tolerate a position in which our airmen, who have been our salvation, will be put on the beach as were great airmen like Kingsford Smith and Ulan.

"That brings us to post-war civil aviation. Are we to be in the picture or out of it? People who think we're going to be out of it are living in a fool's paradise.

"Australia and its territories must have full civil aviation development. All facilities must be reciprocal. Australia must be in the pattern the shutting post-war planes will weave across to-morrow's skyways.

"Pacific nations must get to understand each other better. That's why the mingling of Australians and Americans to-day is so important to the future.

"Nations are made up of individuals, and peace can only be kept between people who like and respect each other."

Editorial

DECEMBER 18, 1943

NO HOME LEAVE

AMID the rejoicing over soldiers of the A.I.F. who have come home on leave the thoughts of many people will turn to another group of Australian fighters, for whom there will be no Christmas home leave this year.

These are members of the R.A.A.F. in the Middle East.

A letter has reached *The Australian Women's Weekly* from three R.A.A.F. chaplains, who have signed themselves Bob Davies, Fred McKay, and John McNamara. They pay a stirring tribute to these lads.

"As chaplains," they say, "we have come to have an unbounded admiration for these fellows."

"You will recognise them by their weather-beaten fur felts, their grease-stained and dust-seamed shorts, and a desert sore or two!"

"They smile dryly and quietly at any newcomer from Australia who begins talking about what he's done; for these men have seen things in the raw from the beginning; they have created a kind of fresh tradition in the Middle East and, withal, they were the ones who cemented the good fellowship with the A.I.F."

"We are sending this note to the homefolk of some of these 'old contemptibles' so that their parents, their wives and children, their sweethearts, may have a reminder at Christmas time of our devoted thoughts."

"The dream of eventual home is gloriously sweet, but another Christmas in the Middle East seems inevitable."

"Even though it may bring a lump to the throat of many a loved one at home, just give three cheers on Christmas Day for these blokes whose exploits have been unsung and whose sacrifices scarcely known."

First home Christmas in four years



REFRESHMENTS for the troops before collecting their leave passes. L. to R., back row: Pte. R. J. Brisbane (Sydney), A. Bradney (Newtown), L/Cpl. C. V. Brown (Manly), Cpl. J. A. MacIntosh (Redfern), Pte. L. R. Davis (Sydney). Front row: Pte. A. J. Drinkwater (Bexley), L/Cpl. J. Barry (Cremorne), Pte. R. C. Graham (Hunter's Hill).



PLEASED SMILES from (L. to R.) Ptes. L. M. Giles (Penrith), J. Rudd (Penrith), K. Murray (Bethunga), and Cpl. A. F. Cains (Marrickville).

Happy reunions when leave troops arrive

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

"Home for Christmas!"

For four long years the three simple words have been a password of hope among homesick soldiers thousands of miles from home and from all that Christmas means to them and their families.

BUT back from the North have come scores of men in faded uniforms and battered hats—veterans of desert and jungle battles, to spend twenty-four days' leave at home.

For them the wistful phrase is now a dream come true. For hundreds more it is just a sardonic jest to keep up their spirit during a Christmas that will be spent on the battle-scarred slopes of Sateberg, in lonely jungle bases, and in the far outback.

For many families the return of their particular soldier was a complete surprise. A phone call was their first intimation that this would be their first real Christmas for four years.

Mothers, wives, sweethearts, and children for whom this was to have been "just a quiet Christmas" are now busy preparing for the big day, and there are last-minute searches for poultry and ham, Christmas decorations, and three-pieces for the plum pudding.

Train whistles blew and soldiers sang and cheered as the first trainload of home-coming troops arrived late at night at Central Station.

Many of these men enlisted during the first few weeks of war. They were an exuberant, rowdy crew when they drove off in buses to Ingleburn.



FORMER PROFESSIONAL SCULLER Lance-Corporal George Ellum spent his first day's leave with an old friend, ACW Daphne Ferguson.



PTE. C. R. DAWSON and his pretty wife will spend Christmas in Brisbane. They were married two years ago.

But Libya, Greece, Crete, the Kokoda trail, and Sannanader have quelled much of their exuberance and they were quiet disciplined troops who lined up for their pay and leave passes.

There were plenty of wisecracks, though, as they sought information about late trains and trains and the current beer situation.

"Do you have to pay coupons for the collar on the beer?" one wanted to know.

Lance-Corporal Brown, of Manly, announced solemnly he was going home by tram.

"Why not try for the last ferry," someone asked.

"Not me," he answered. "There've been submarines in our harbor."

Pte. C. R. Dawson walked in at 3 a.m. to the Earlwood home of his wife's parents, Brigadier and Mrs. C. Duncan, of the Salvation Army.

Pte. Dawson and his pretty wife, both Salvationists, were married in Brisbane in 1941, and they had not seen each other since then, except for a brief visit Pte. Dawson was able to make to Brisbane early this year.

Christmas honeymoon

MRS. DAWSON came to Sydney with her father a few weeks ago, when he was transferred from the Brisbane to the Sydney headquarters of the Salvation Army.

"We came in a new Red Shield mobile unit which had to be brought to Sydney for transhipment to New Guinea," said Mrs. Dawson.

"As I have to return to my job in

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

● The feature which usually appears on this page will be published again in our January 1 issue.

Brisbane, my husband is coming with me to help me find somewhere to live.

"I don't know where we'll be having Christmas dinner, but it isn't worrying me."

"All I care about is that my husband will be with me. It is going to be a marvellous Christmas."

Cpl. J. A. MacIntosh, of Redfern, will have a Christmas honeymoon.

He announced his engagement to Miss Marie Tolhurst when he returned from the Middle East two years ago.

"I don't know what time the wedding will be, or where—my girl is making all the arrangements. All I know until I see her is that we're being married next Friday," he said.

Eleven-year-old Barbara Bauer was one of the most excited small girls in Sydney when her father, Sgt. George Bauer, arrived home.

"He arrived the day I did my music exam, so I'm sure he brought me luck," she said.

Barbara and her mother travelled to Adelaide to meet her father when he returned from the Middle East.

"But he had left Adelaide before we got there," said Barbara, "so we didn't see him until we went to watch the A.I.F. march in Sydney."

Barbara's mother is a munition worker, and may not be able to get any time off for Christmas.

But if she does, the little family will spend Christmas Day with Barbara's grandmother at Katoomba.

One of the earliest enlistments in the A.I.F., Lance-Corporal George Ellum was in the Libya fighting and was wounded in Greece.

Lance-Corporal Ellum is well known on the North Coast, where he worked in a sawmill at Casino, played district cricket for eight years, was a cycling enthusiast, and for eight years was a professional sculler.

He won a big sculling event in Cairo in 1940 in an international contest that included New Zealand, Egyptian, and British scullers.

He is a cousin of Squadron-Leader Clyde Ellum, former organist at Central Baptist Church, and at present in charge of a Spitfire squadron in India.

On the first day of his leave Lance-Corporal Ellum went surfing with an old friend, ACW Daphne Ferguson. He plans to spend some of his leave at Katoomba.

Private Pardell arrived at his home in Erskineville in the early hours of the morning, but was out again early the same morning renewing friendships in the district.

In the afternoon he took his wife and four children to the pictures, and on the Sunday there was a big family picnic with relatives at Tempe Park.

Book appeal

HAVE you any books you would not miss from your bookshelves? Hundreds of men in far-away C.C.C. camps, doing vital war work, would welcome them to while away their lonely evenings.

Parcels may be taken or sent to the Allied Works Council offices in the capital cities, or they can be sent by rail addressed to the A.W.C. in your nearest capital.

The address is: N.S.W.: Room 301, Third Floor, Richard House, 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

Film Reviews

★★ ANDY HARDY'S DOUBLE LIFE

HARDY fans will welcome return to familiar Hardy formula with Andy back in his home surroundings. Judge Hardy, Andy's sweetheart and relatives are all in this film, which is a trim mixture of comedy, problems, and pathos. Lewis Stone contributes his kindly characterisation of the Judge, Mickey Rooney as Andy has usual girl and money troubles, and Esther Williams, former Olympic swimming champion, who makes her screen debut as the vampish co-ed, shows promise.—St. James; showing.

★★ IT AIN'T HAY

THIS is a lively comedy, giving plenty of scope for the amusing antics of Abbott and Costello. The story is based on Damon Runyon's "Princess O'Hara," which concerns a case of mistaken identity of horses, one a handicap favorite, the other a crock.

Cecil Kellaway does well as King O'Hara, and Patsy O'Connor, as Princess O'Hara, sings a couple of tuneful numbers.

The supporting cast includes Eugene Palette, as an efficiency ex-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

pert, and Grace MacDonald. The theme is unfolded at a rollicking pace, and the comedy pair are much funnier than in recent efforts.—State; showing.

CHATTERBOX

EVEN the most ardent fans of Joe F. Brown and Judy Canova will find little to laugh at in this tedious and distinctly jaded comedy. The script is incredibly poor and packed with unfunny situations and old, world-weary gags, and in an effort to bring a little zest to the dull proceedings both stars overact badly.

Rosemary Lane and John Hubbard are also included in the cast to provide a romantic touch, but they do little to help things along.

The exaggerated finale is strongly reminiscent of the crazy slapstick comedies of the silent era.—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

Forecasting turn of war

By cable from
VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

FAMOUS English newspaperman William Hickey has his own theory on the second front. He recalls that Warner Brothers released their famous Humphrey Bogart film, "Casablanca," almost the same week as Churchill and Roosevelt met at Casablanca.

The columnist has now discovered that the next Bogart epic will be "Journey to Marseilles," scheduled for release the first week in January. Comments Hickey: "What more could any man ask?"

FRIENDS hear that Lieutenant Douglas Fairbanks intends making the Navy his post-war career, as he does not want to return to acting.

NEWCOMER Dolores Moran and Marjorie Reynolds are both testing for the "Life Story of Marilyn Miller" at Warners.

REUNITED for another "Tarzan" film are Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller. The film is RKO's "Tarzan and the Amazon."

AFTER three years of working with the Land Army in England, Anne Dvorak is back in America. She intends to write a book about the British Women's Land Army.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, have cleared

PRINCESS NARDA: From a charge of theft. Mandrake captured the real criminal, who was Grando, a hypnotist, and forced him to confess. Princess Narda, delighted to be free, promises to lunch with Mandrake after she does some shopping.

NOW READ ON:



LIEUTENANT RUDY VALLEE, former crooner, married nineteen-year-old Betty Jane Greer in a formal ceremony attended by fellow officers of the U.S. Coast Guard, who formed an arch of honor with swords.

After the ceremony Vallee and his bride had a brief desert honeymoon before he returned to duty.

He said he fell in love with Betty's picture a year ago before meeting her.

Brownette bride wore gold lame evening gown with long sleeves for evening ceremony.

Vallee, who is forty-two, has been rumored engaged to many actresses in the past. He was previously married to stage actress Fay Webb.

JENNIFER JONES, who played the title role in "The Song of Bernadette," is now playing a role in David Selznick's "Since You Went Away," which stars Claudette Colbert and Shirley Temple.

Her leading man is her husband, Robert Walker, whom Jennifer recently announced she would divorce. The couple play love scenes together quite amicably.

THE remake of the old-time favorite, "Belladonna," will star Marlene Dietrich.

AUSTRALIAN Constance Worth plays the lead in a Western opposite Charles Starrett.

Radio choral session fosters music in schools

Radio is fostering the growth of music in schools, and 2GB has done much to assist the Education Department by its encouragement of choral singing, and by the broadcasting of school choirs.

THESE broadcasts were inaugurated by Mr. F. Grose (Uncle Frank), 15 years ago, and have been heard regularly ever since.

Recently 2GB broadcast the Combined Public Schools' Choir of 1000 voices in the "Marching to Victory" session on Wednesday at 3.15 p.m.

On Wednesday, December 15, at the same time, there will be a broadcast of the St. George's High School Choir of 100 voices.

This is one of the best school choirs ever to be broadcast.

Now that music is to be given full status in school curricula, the Minister for Education, Mr. Clive Evatt, feels that more public school orchestras should be established.

Incidentally, Mr. Evatt has taken considerable interest in the various broadcasts arranged by Mr. Frank Grose, and has attended some.

Three choral concerts were held recently at the Town Hall under the auspices of the Public Schools' War Services Auxiliary in association with the 2GB Community Chest. As a result \$150 was donated to the 2GB Community Chest and Camp Comforts Fund.

The 2GB Community Chest aims to maintain a high musical standard and help charity work.

The work of the Chest covers projects of a widely diversified nature, and many good causes have been helped by radio appeals, camp concerts, fetes and fairs organised by Uncle Frank.

One of the Chest's major activities has been the provision of comforts for the men in the Services.

Pianos, radios, violins, phonographs, furniture, a barber's chair, a sewing machine, an organ, hair clippers, fishing tackle, and electric fans have been sent to camps and battle stations as a result of ready

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, December 15: Reg Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, December 16 (From 4.30 to 4.45): Gaudie Reeve presents "All Those in Favor."

FRIDAY, December 17: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Gaudie Reeve in Gums of Melody.

SATURDAY, December 18: Gaudie Reeve presents Radio competition, "Maidy Fourtimes."

SUNDAY, December 19 (4.15 to 5.5): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, December 20: Gaudie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, December 21: Musical Alphabet.

listener response to Uncle Frank's radio appeals.

The linking of the charitable work of the 2GB Community Chest with the fostering of music in the schools has proved a tremendous success.

Listeners should tune in to the Cheer-up Session, which features school choirs, every Saturday at 5.30 p.m., and to the Radio Sunday School every Sunday at 5 p.m., which brings to the air Sunday school and church choirs.

A DAY WITH NEW GUINEA'S HAPPY NATIVES



WAIKEE, fine type of New Guinea native in one of the villages visited by our Editor.

Wise A.N.G.A.U. officers reap rewards of loyal service

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor and War Correspondent of The Australian Women's Weekly

"Only one thing we want to say to you and this we say from the heart."

Hitolo Gege is speaking to Lieut.-Col. Elliott Smith, Commissioner of Native Labor for A.N.G.A.U. (Australian New Guinea Administrative Unit).

"In the old days when bombs were falling and machine-guns shelling and things were in a very bad state, you stayed with us," he continues.

"You have remained alive and we, too, are still living. Nothing else matters. As long as you are alive with us, sir, all is well. Our hearts are full of love and gratefulness to you."

VILLAGE councillor and interpreter for A.N.G.A.U., Hitolo is evidently a born orator. His eloquence and earnestness carry conviction.

Gavera, recently elected chairman of this village council, nods approval, and the whole population of the village, which has assembled for the great occasion of the Commissioner's visit, sings "God Save the King."

This is the opening ceremony of a long, interesting day in the course of which we saw the majority of the evacuated natives from two coastal villages.

When the bombing of Moreby started early in 1942 these natives were evacuated for their own safety as well as for operational reasons.

The Army took over the civil administration, built new villages inland, and has ever since provided the people with Army rations, native medical orderlies, and extra native police protection from the Royal Papuan Constabulary.

Skilled workers

WARRANT-OFFICER BROWN, a former well-known wrestling champion ("Mike Finnigan"), is in charge of this area, and accompanied us on part of the tour.

Hitolo's speech was indicative of the child-like faith in A.N.G.A.U., which was the outstanding impression of the day.

Only the older men remained in the villages with the women and children. Men from 16 to 40 are in the native labor camps.

All the skilled native artisans, clerks, and medical orderlies come from this area, and they are now scattered over the whole territory, where they are doing invaluable work in sea and land transport, as mechanics, engineers, and clerks, as well as laborers.

As we went round the villages we were amazed to note how many of the natives were personally known to the Commissioner. For nearly twenty years he has lived among them, speaks Motu fluently, and is thoroughly happy in his work.

Incidentally, he still retains the fair complexion of a Tasmanian, and is the picture of health.

His sympathy and true appreciation of the natives are evident at every turn.



SISTER HOARE, A.I.F. nurse, leading native youngsters in one of their songs. "Roll Out the Barrel" is another favorite. "God Save the King" is sung on special occasions. Many of the nurses take a great interest in the children.

He does not approve of easy sentimentalising over them, though, and is not keen on hearing them referred to as "Fuzzy-wuzzy Angels." That is because he wants them to keep their native dignity, simplicity, and spontaneous kindness.

Like children, they can be easily spoiled and robbed by over-praise of their true birthright.

General Morris, in charge of A.N.G.A.U., has the same wide understanding of the natives, and the whole history of A.N.G.A.U.

provides an excellent—and unique—example of wise and just white treatment of a native race.

Two Army nurses, Sisters Hoare and Morgan, came with us, and we had a grand day. We set forth in a jeep, as, after leaving Moreby, the going was fairly rough. A couple of hours' travel brought us to a wide, crystal-clear estuary.

Across it we could see crowds of children playing on the beach, swimming. The Papuan native is not the slave of time, and the latest



VILLAGE CONFERENCE. Gavera Arua, chairman of village council (left), his son Arua, a native teacher (right), and Hitolo Gege, village councillor and interpreter for A.N.G.A.U., confer while a native boy looks on with interest.



SISTER EVELYN MORGAN waves the grass skirt given to her by natives as she leaves their village in the lakatoi (native boat) on which visitors are ferried across the estuary.



WARRANT-OFFICER E. A. BROWN, with natives, at a police post. He is in charge of the area in which these villages are located.



CARRYING WATER pots. They are used for

LIVES...



"MAIN STREET" of a New Guinea village. The natives were evacuated from two coastal villages for their own safety and operational reasons.

Pictures by

Gordon Short

Official War Photographer to
the Department of Information.

They had their minor troubles. The Commissioner was sometimes asked such questions as where were the young men who had not sent word home, or when could they get their white teachers back.

They had plenty of health troubles, too — ringworm being the most obvious. Treatment for skin complaints is administered by native medical orderlies, but often the sufferer fails to report.

In each village we were welcomed and farewelled with songs and laden with gifts of the shell necklaces which the natives love to make.

Their repertoire of songs was very varied, and included hymns, negro spirituals, and such modern favorites as "Kiss Me Good-Night, Sergeant-Major," and "Roll Out the Barrel."

They love singing and hand music. W/O. Crawley, formerly in charge of the native police band at Rabaul, has now recruited a full band of Papuan boys, with all instruments except the slide trombone.

He teaches in English, and the boys quickly learn to read music.

After having their instruments for ten days they played simple hymn tunes.

At the last and largest village we visited we were seated in the big thatched school-house, and pride of place in the seating accommodation in the clean, gravelled floor was given to the couple of hundred little native children.

Delightful youngsters they were, too, and their shy opening notes of "The Song of Papua" became very spirited when Hitolo spoke to them a few words in Motu, which we learned were, "Elo! It up!"

"When the war started," the Commissioner told them in a farewell speech, "we were not quite sure how you would behave. We are now very pleased with your conduct. Your day of travail in Papua is over. It is our turn now to show our gratitude. We thank you, and promise you we will look after you well."

We shared the natives' faith that our Government will honor that promise.

The sweet notes of "Farewell, Beloved" lingered in our ears as our jeep jittered back to the war-making discords of Moresby.



DUSKY CHILD carrying a fine baby. The villagers are mainly women and children and old men. Young men from 16 to 40 are in the labor camps and scattered all over the territory doing invaluable work.



NATIVES FAREWELL Mrs. Jackson as she set off in a lakatoi (boat) after visiting their village. They loaded her with gifts of the shell necklaces they love to make and another present was a model lakatoi beautifully made.



A nearby well to their village, these natives use their home-made for the way the authorities have cared for them since war came.



HITOLO, VILLAGE COUNSELLOR, is seeking boy recruits for a Papuan brass band, explaining the duties and privileges to prospective bandsmen. The boys quickly learn to read music, and can play simple tunes in ten days.

Mystery Stalks the Roof

Continued from page 7

"You see, the palms of the hands are pretty luminous," Jeffrey was explaining to Doctor Otis. "Doctor Burch would you be good enough to show him?"

The weak, heavily veined old hands were spread trembling a little in the ultra-violet light. I knew that Jeffrey was doing this to see if any fluorescein were on them.

"Thanks," Jeffrey said. "Mr. Fargo's room is next door, isn't it?"

I expected trouble here, and we found it. As we went out of Doctor Burch's room, Mr. Fargo, dishevelled and repellent, opened his door and confronted us.

"What is all this disturbance?" he demanded. "A fine rest cure this is! Get out of here, the whole kit and boodle of you—get out, I say!"

"Sorry, Mr. Fargo," Jeffrey said curtly. "We have to come in and investigate your room and bathroom."

Doctor Otis pushed the switch, and we all went in.

I thought, "We'll find something here. He is the obvious one to have done it. He's vindictive enough to enjoy murdering anyone in the coldest of cold blood." And I was actually afraid of him when the lights went off and I heard him whispering angry curses over by the desk where he was standing.

The room was hot and close. The light went here and there, resting on the bureau, on brushes and boxes untidily cluttered. It sought out the tables, the chairs, the bed, the pictures.

"May I see your hands, please, Mr. Fargo?" Jeffrey ordered. He was making no explanations in this case.

I had expected that to arouse the reaction I did. But the police were able to handle the very unpleasantly abusive vocal protests. They told Fargo loudly, above his violent vituperation, to cut it out and shut up. They grabbed him and held him by the wrists, and one of the men stretched his hands out.

"No trace of fluorescein there," Bud said.

"No trace of it," Jeffrey agreed. "We'll go on farther, upstairs."

I said: "Jeffrey, must we rout out Mrs. Murray? She's had such a hideous night of it already."

"I'm afraid we must," he told me. "I'm racing against the morning as it is. We can only do this in the dark, of course. We'll have to go upstairs, and take her room and Jill's next."

And there, I felt with sickening apprehension, he would find the silver-green traces. Mrs. Murray was just the sort of mother who would go to any lengths to protect her child from danger or from disgrace.

As we went upstairs, my mind pictured clearly the hot red roof and the blazing sunlight. Mrs. Vinson sitting cross-legged on a steamer rug in her shorts and halter and dark lozenge-shaped glasses. Mrs. Murray, cool and quiet, with her deadly self-control, would have been standing in the attic doorway, listening to Mrs. Vinson inveigh against Jill, against the marriage with Alex Washed, listening to her threats of spreading the story of that marriage.

I could imagine Mrs. Murray standing there thinking how she could protect Jill, planning because she was an intelligent and widely read woman, just how one might eliminate another woman who was exceptionally fond of sun-bathing. The drawing-pin, the fluorescein in Doctor Burch's desk!

She had not gone to bed. I fancied that she had been sitting at her desk writing before we came in. By this time we had got beyond that point where one remarks apologetically that all this is just a matter of routine. Jeffrey explained gravely that it was necessary for him to make some investigations, and she asked us courteously to come in and go wherever we wished.

Again the lights were turned off, and again we went about the room with the ultra-violet lamp, and again the bulky bodies of the police got in our way as we went here and there about the room and the bath-

room. There was no trace of that which we thought we might find.

"We don't want to frighten the child," Jeffrey said. "We'll bring him into this room. Perhaps we can do it without waking him."

So Doctor Otis carried Bobbie into Mrs. Murray's room and settled him there. But all that was scarcely necessary, because there was no trace of fluorescein here, either.

We went out into the hall and stood there, and Otis said, "That leaves Rufus Keyes and the nurse."

I suppose we were all thinking now that because of the green-headed drawing-pin Rufus Keyes would be proved to be the one who had killed Mrs. Vinson. But there was no trace of fluorescein in Rufus Keyes' room.

We went on upstairs. We came to Polly Smith's door and knocked and she called to us sleepily to come in. Her hair was braided in two pigtails which hung over her shoulders. She sat up in bed and looked sweet and very young in a simple white nightgown. Also, she looked very frightened, nor do I think that strange, for we were a formidable group of people massed in her doorway confronting her.

Doctor Otis' announcement about the necessity of an investigation was not in any way reassuring.

My mind kept telling me that she was the last one, that if Mrs. Vinson had been murdered Polly Smith was the last one left who could possibly have done it.

But there was no trace of fluorescein in this room.

"Where does this door lead to?" Doctor Otis asked, and turned the knob of one near Polly's bed.

"It leads into a bathroom," she explained. "But I never use it. I use the one at the front of the house."

"We'd better go in, anyway," one of the police said. So we all crowded into the long, white-tiled, narrow room.

"Spray the washbasin," Jeffrey told Bud.

He did so. I stood near Jeffrey and felt people pushing up all about me, breathing at the back of my neck, their arms against my arms, their shoulders hard against mine.

From behind us Polly, in a terrified voice, was saying: "But why—I never come in here. There isn't any use of investigating here, Doctor McNeill, truly."

I thought: "She doesn't want us to. I can't bear it if it is Polly."

Then I felt everyone about me grow tense, and someone said, "Ah—what's that, Doctor McNeill?"

The beam of his light focused on the porcelain of the washbasin, and on the rim and down in the bowl and on the white porcelain handle of the faucets there glowed streaks and smears of a vivid silver-green.

"Here is where the fluorescein paste was prepared," Jeffrey said quietly, "and here is where somebody washed her hands of the fluorescein after applying the paste to the point of the tack."

So now they would let Jill and Rufus go free and take Polly Smith instead. She would not again wear flowered peasant dresses and go dancing with the young man who owned a garage in the next town.

"You'd better put your clothes on, miss," one of the officers said. "Looks like you've got to come along with us."

But she was protesting that she didn't understand, that she never came into this bathroom, that she had nothing whatever to do with Mrs. Vinson's death, that the sedative she gave her had been actually no sedative at all, as she had explained to them.

Terror did not make her shrill and hysterical, but quieter and pitifully moving.

"I'm sorry, you'd better get dressed," Jeffrey said. "Come, we'll all go out and leave her."

But the police would not agree to that. I suppose they were afraid that she might try to jump out of the window. They asked me to stay, so I was obliged to, sitting on the edge of the bed while I listened to voices and footsteps going away down the stairs.

She sat on a chair looking like a person stunned, and I had to get up and fetch her clothes for her, and see to the packing of a bag. She kept saying: "But I don't understand. What is it all about, Mrs. McNeill? Am I being arrested?"

I didn't know how much I was supposed to tell her or what to say

to comfort her. I said, "Mrs. Vinson's death was caused by fluorescein, and my husband found traces of that in your bathroom here."

And again she reiterated that she never used it, and I began to wonder if perhaps Polly Smith were completely innocent and another person were the murderer. But there was no one else—

The bag was packed and Polly dressed. Her eyes still looked glazed with bewilderment. We went down the stairs into the front hall where the police and Doctor Burch were grouped, talking. O'Connor and the Swedish policeman and the small thin disagreeable one were there also, having apparently left Jill and Rufus safely in jail.

Doctor Otis was explaining these latest developments, saying: "Yes, there were the traces of the fluorescein all over the washstand, smeared in the basin and all over it. So it was the nurse did it, you see—I told you we hadn't sufficient evidence to arrest Keyes and Jill Murray."

Polly Smith stood on the stairs leaning against the banister. We couldn't go down because the police were blocking our way. I wondered where Jeffrey and Bud were, and then heard a door open down the hall. Jeffrey came out of Doctor Burch's office. Bud followed him carrying a blue Tyrolean cape in his hands.

"Where is Mrs. McNeill?" Jeffrey asked the group at the bottom of the stairs. "Hasn't she come down yet? I want her." There was urgency in his tones. I knew that he had discovered something of utmost importance.

"I'm here, Jeffrey," I answered, and the men moved to let me come down the stairs and go to him.

"Come into Burch's office," he told me. "No, please, no one else yet." He and Bud and I went down the hall, and Bud closed the door behind us and turned out the lamp on Doctor Burch's desk.

Jeffrey said in the darkness: "O'Connor brought this cape back from headquarters. He was coming in just as we came downstairs from Polly Smith's room. I had been thinking that perhaps we were still on the wrong trail, and I asked Doctor Burch who else might have used that bathroom next Polly Smith's room."

"Oh!" I broke in, "but, Jeffrey, that would be absolutely impossible!"

"Wait," he answered. "It occurred to me that this cape might show something interesting, so Bud and I brought it in here, sprayed around the collar, and held it under the ultra-violet light. — Go ahead, Bud."

The light was turned on the cape, around the collar, down the front where the hooks were to clasp it together. There a silver-green smear glowed before us.

I said, "But what is this, Jeffrey?"

"Somebody with fluorescein on his fingers grabbed at this cape — or hooked it about his own neck."

I said: "I still don't understand. I still don't see what happened. We have investigated every single room of anyone who might have been responsible for the death of Mrs. Vinson."

He answered, "We found traces of fluorescein in the bathroom of the man who murdered her."

"But he can't have," I said. "He can't possibly have murdered Mrs. Vinson because he was already dead."

Jeffrey said: "He filed the drawing-pin and made a paste of soap and fluorescein and smeared the paste on the pin. He placed it on the floor of the attic sometime, perhaps the afternoon before he died."

"But is this conclusive enough?" I asked. "Just the trace of the drug on this cape?"

He answered, "It shows that the fluorescein was used before the man's death. We know that it was used in his bathroom and nowhere else in the house. Now I shall go down to the city to the receiving vault and investigate his body."

I don't know what he told Otis and O'Connor and the others. I ran upstairs to get my hat and coat and to put the rest of my things hurriedly and in a jumble into my bags. I would go with Jeffrey to the receiving vault, and then when he was finished there have him take me home. I would not come back here again.

By the time Bud and I went downstairs, Polly Smith's young man had

Animal Antics



"I spy!"

arrived and was standing in the hall talking to her and the police. Rufus and Jill Murray had come back, and they were standing there, too. It was then I remembered something I had forgotten, something of extreme importance, that had slipped from my mind in all the excitement of the last hour.

"Rufus Keyes," I said. "Please, I want to speak to you a minute. Come into the living-room with me." I nodded at Jeffrey and Bud, indicating that they were to come with us. We went into the living-room, at the end by the piano, to be out of earshot of the people in the hall.

I said, "Rufus, what did you mean when you said you knew who had pushed Alex Washed off the roof?"

He answered: "I didn't mean that literally. But I do know that Mrs. Vinson was up there with him late that night, and I do know that they were quarrelling like Billy-O. They started it in her room and then she followed him up. I saw her. She was as jealous as a cat of him and Jill and Mrs. Murray. She had been trying to get him to marry her."

"Why didn't you tell this before?" Jeffrey asked.

"The police decided it was suicide, and I didn't want to get Mrs. Vinson into trouble. Do you know who did kill her, McNeill?"

"Not conclusively yet," he answered. "But I shall tell the police not to take Polly Smith off until they have heard from me again."

He went into the hall and drew O'Connor aside and talked to him for a moment or two. O'Connor seemed incredulous and resentful, but Jeffrey was insisting upon the point he wanted to make.

You could feel excitement and curiosity dominating all the others who were grouped there at the foot of the stairs, but this was not the time to tell them anything.

Jeffrey told me to come along, and he and Bud picked up our bags and coats and we went out of the door and down the front steps. It was five o'clock in the morning, and a catbird was singing in the lilac bush near the tulip bed.

"I'll telephone you as soon as I learn anything further," Jeffrey called back to the others who had come out on to the steps and were watching us. He started the car and drove off. A police car with Otis and O'Connor and the Swede followed us.

"I'm thankful to be out of that place," I said as we drove down the road, and Jeffrey put on the gas until we were going at fifty. "I think perhaps I'll go straight home, darling, and you can telephone me from the receiving vault. I think I've had enough of this sort of thing."

"And you can drop me at college," Bud said. "I have had the perfect rest cure, Doctor McNeill."

So he dropped Bud off at his long red-brick Georgian dormitory, and he dropped me off at our nice white Dutch colonial house with green blinds.

And I was up in the nursery sitting on the floor building a block tower with Michael when the telephone rang, and I went into my own room to answer it.

"Well, Jeffrey," I said. "What did you find, dear?"

"I was right," he answered. "There were very definite traces of fluorescein on Alex Washed's hands."

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A HALF HOUR of GOOD MUSIC

Music that has charm . . . you'll hear the music of Franz Lehar . . . Ferdy Grofe . . . Gershwin . . . and others . . . with a brief resume of the composer and his outstanding works.

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"SADIE and BILL"

Two lovable people in a work-a-day world . . . meeting trouble with a grin . . . meeting life with a smile.

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"I'm just taking some of my work home with me."

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F1310



WEDDING AT TOORAK. Wing-Commander Dick Cohen, D.F.C., and his bride, Section-Officer K. Adams, W.A.A.F., leave Toorak Presbyterian Church with their attendants, Section-Officer Shirley Lewis and Wing-Commander C. N. Birch, D.F.C. Bridegroom is only son of the late Mr. Errol Cohen and of Mrs. H. W. Kingsland, of Randwick.

On and off DUTY.

VOLUNTARY workers at The Australian Women's Weekly Service Club plan to make a real home Christmas for Service girls staying in the club.

Miss I. Herbert has volunteered to stay in the club over Christmas week-end, and has already been dubbed "Mother Christmas."

Mrs. E. Backhouse is busy supervising the tying-up of Christmas presents, and Mrs. Gladys Lister is in charge of decorations and the Christmas tree.

Christmas Day will begin in true family style, with presents in the dormitory for the girls.

Midday Christmas dinner will be served—with the dining-room tables pulled together to make one big festive table.

There will be music and informal carol singing in charge of Mrs. S. Moston, and high tea of cold chicken and salad will be served at night.

Concert committee have made special effort for Christmas concert this Friday, and artists include Olga and Lili Kolias, Kathleen Dempsey, Leslie Hickson, and William Krasnik's choir.

DUTCH Christmas legend comes to life at Darya Collin's children's party at her studio in Edgecliff Road, when she entertained 70 little evacuees and children of Dutch community in Sydney.

Legend is that St. Nicholas, with his blackamoor, Peter, sails into Spain with cargo of gifts for the children. Black Peter is supposed to carry the bad children away in his sack.

Saint Nicholas is impersonated by Mme Van Andel, and Mme Van der Laan plays Black Peter.

Party is arranged by Mme C. Rentmeister in the absence of Mme J. D. Pennink, wife of the Dutch Consul.

LONG leave for Gunner David Doyle, A.I.F., so he and fiancée Roma Horton are married at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street.

Roma is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Horton, of Killara, and David is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Doyle, of Roseville.

Reception is held at Amory, Ashfield.



ON LEAVE FROM NORTH. Captain Ronald Hull, A.I.F., marries Margaret Anderson, of Gorravilla, Mullaley, at St. Mark's, Darling Point.



CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS. Mrs. R. Geoghegan (left), Mrs. E. Keown, and Mrs. E. Backhouse prepare Christmas gifts at The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicemen.

HEIRLOOM locket belonging to her great-great-grandmother is worn by bride Beverley Hughes when she marries Dr. Nicholas Brandt at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street.

Beverley, who is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Hughes, of Turramurra, wears silk net and lace frock, and heirloom veil of Brussels lace lent by Mrs. E. Esdalle, of Arncliffe.

Bridegroom, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Brandt, of Shanghai, who are now in P.O.W. camps, is attended by fellow graduates Dr. Peter Middleton and Dr. Dexter Giblin.

Bride is attended by bridegroom's sister, Ivy, and Marie Potter.

PEGGY BISSETT, organiser for A.B.C. Staff War Funds Committee, tells me she and committee are hard at work planning to make their Christmas dance at the Town Hall this Saturday the biggest ever. As was the case with their other dances during the year, proceeds will go to 163rd A.G.H.

ATTENDANCE of 500 at the Mothers' Union Choir recital at the Chapter House. Guest of honor is Mrs. L. A. Knight, acting Commonwealth president of the union, who travels over from Melbourne night before to be present.

Mrs. H. V. Mowll, Sydney president, presents Mrs. Edgar Potter, choir mistress, with book, and corsage in blue and gold, Mothers' Union colors, as tribute of her work with the choir.

SERVICE engagement: Waaaf Mavia Joan, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Maddy, of Mullumbimby, announces her engagement to Flying-Officer Charles Raynor, R.A.A.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Raynor, of N. d. l. a. s., W.A.



WEARING PICTURESQUE KILTS, Scottish dancers Colleen Gough, Connie Cameron, and Rae Kerr rest in the shade on the lawn of Admiralty House, at the Benevolent Society garden party.



TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS FAIR. From left: Mrs. Charles Todman, Miss L. Wray, Miss Doris Pearce, and Miss F. Derrin, with toys that will be sold at Anzac Budget Christmas Tree and Fair at the Town Hall this Friday.



CHRISTMAS TREAT. From left: Flora Cameron, June Anthony, Mrs. Sally Harten, and Joyce Woodforth with toys they have made as treat for children at the Havilah Homes.



OPPORTUNITY SHOP. Mrs. A. Kacoonen (left), Mrs. C. Ingate, and Mrs. A. H. Chapman, of 25th Field Regiment Comforts Fund, set up wares before they open doors of their Opportunity Shop in Elizabeth St.

Interesting People

MR. A. R. CUTLER, V.C.

repatriation
IMPORTANT new post for Mr. A. R. ("Ro") Cutler, V.C. Has been appointed Assistant Repatriation Commissioner. Leaves Sydney shortly for Melbourne to take up his new duties. He was formerly New South Wales secretary of Returned Soldiers' League. Won his V.C. for outstanding bravery in the fighting at Mardjayoun, Syria, in June, 1941. Was first Australian artilleryman to be awarded the decoration. Is Bachelor of Economics, Sydney University.

DAME CONSTANCE D'ARCY

Deputy Chancellor
RECENTLY elected Deputy Chancellor of Sydney University, of which she is distinguished medical graduate. Dame Constance D'Arcy is first woman to hold this post. "We are all so pleased," she says, regarding appointment as honor to women rather than a personal achievement. Has been member of University Senate since 1919. Is Fellow Royal Australian College of Surgeons, consulting gynaecologist at leading Sydney hospitals.

DR. W. S. JOHNSTON

new Red Cross post
MELBOURNE physician Dr. W. S. Johnston, who served with Army Medical Corps in Middle East and New Guinea, has been appointed to newly created post of medical director to Australian Red Cross. Duties are mainly administrative. Will co-operate with Commonwealth Health Department and Army Directorate in nutrition campaign. Is organising series of lectures to train Red Cross workers in nutrition values.



Movies World

● Exotic Spanish actress Maria Montez, who is Universal's favorite technicolor star, is now tying with Dorothy Lamour for sarong appeal. After the success of "Arabian Nights," Maria is again co-starred with Jon Hall in "Cobra Woman." Maria

was previously rumored engaged to several people in turn, but four months ago discovered her true love when she married the French star, Pierre Aumont, shortly after his arrival in Hollywood. He is now away fighting with the Free French forces.



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NILE COLORFAST HANDKERCHIEFS

NILE
ATHLETIC SINGLETS

Manufactured by
Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty. Ltd.
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QUALITY
HAS NOT BEEN
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ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

MORLEY
ON UNDERWEAR

Springtime in the Rockies



1 EXASPERATED by co-star Dan (John Payne), Vicky (Betty Grable) decides to desert him for show touring the Canadian Rockies.

"SPRINGTIME in the Rockies," Fox's sparkling musical comedy, contains hit tunes by the ace composing team of Mack Gordon and Harry Warren. New numbers include "Run, Little Raindrop, Run," "I Had the Craziest Dream," "A Poem Set To Music," and "Pan Americana Jubilee." Singers are Betty Grable, Carmen Miranda, John Payne, and Helen Forrest, Harry James' sensational soloist.

Harry James and his Music Makers also provide fascinating rhythm for the swing fans.



2 DAN REFUSES offer to join same show, but bartender McTavish (Edward Everett Horton) and Rosita (Carmen Miranda) conspire and get him there.



3 AT THE HOTEL in the Rockies, Vicky and partner Victor (Cesar Romero) provide sensational entertainment, and Dan discovers that they are engaged.



4 ALSO featured at hotel is the famous band-leader Harry James (himself).



5 ATTEMPTING to make Vicky jealous, Dan pretends that he is in love with the glamorous Rosita.



6 WHEN his scheme fails, Dan pleads with Vicky and she finally confesses that she really loves him.

Adelyn SUMMER FROCKS



Style No.
404/104 in.

Grafton

(Anti-shrink)

Smart frock in Grafton Anti-shrink Graftone. Square pockets on bodice. Yoke effect. Full pleated skirt. This Adelyn Summer Frock will wash without shrinking or fading; so make certain that you

Always look for this label

Adelyn

Elasto

Take it —

and Stop Limping

Every sufferer should test this wonderful new biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force.

PRICE: 7/6 for one month's supply.

ELASTO, BOX 1552E, SYDNEY



PYREX

TOOTH
POWDER

100% CLEANSER
MOST ECONOMICAL

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PYREX IMMERSION
DENTAL PLATE POWDER

The Kiwi way is the quick, clean way to whiten canvas, kid or buckskin shoes. Just moisten the shoes, squeeze out a dab of Kiwi here and there, and then spread with a moist sponge or soft cloth. Dries quickly, evenly and snow-white. . . . Won't easily rub off . . . a tube will last a season.

6D.

(country slightly higher)



★
MAKES
WHITE SHOES
WHITER

**KIWI
WHITE**

CRISP BLOUSES

These five engaging new styles are grand summer stand-bys.

● Cheerful, cherry-red linen, briskly tailored with a trim yoke and pockets cleverly accented with hand-stitching. This blouse is perfect with a grey or white skirt, and adds fillip to a fresh white summer suit.

● This eye-catching shirt blouse could be fashioned from a discarded striped taffeta evening frock, and for important dates it looks very dramatic with a plain dark skirt.

● Here is a practical way to use up odd lengths of material to make a fetching blouse. Three different colors are combined, and it will look equally charming in plaid, spots, or stripes. (Below left.)

● An ultra-feminine, ultra-flattering little blouse with be-frilled yoke and bow-tie neckline interpreted in organdie or muslin or finest silk. (Left.)

● Another way to make use of an old evening dress. This slim-fitting floral over-blouse is simply made, and relies on the dainty draw-string neckline for decoration. (Right.)

Revue

Evie and the War Effort

Continued from page 5

I SWALLOWED hard and looked away. Inside, I felt like crying for poor Lady Snellley.

I tried to change the subject. "Lady Snellley," I said, "how would you like to have a couple of babies to keep you company?"

Lady Snellley stared. I said: "I know where I can get a couple who'd be glad to stay with you. They're Mr. and Mrs. Thomas' babies. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas would have to come with them." I told her all about the babies and the crowded hospital and Mr. Thomas in pyjamas. It sounded very sad as I told it.

Lady Snellley kept looking at me in a queer sort of way, and finally she said, "You have a big heart for a little girl."

Father didn't come until much later. I expect he wasn't too worried about me.

"Well," he said, "you look pretty healthy for one reported dead."

I guessed that Maisie in her rattle-brained way had exaggerated.

"I'm afraid," said father to Lady Snellley, "you were the victim of a hoax."

"I know," said Lady Snellley. "She was just trying to get me to take in a homeless family. But it's the most subtle way anyone in this town has ever approached me."

There was nothing I could do about it. I shook hands with Lady Snellley and went out with father. We were passing the airfield and I suddenly saw masses of parachutes floating out of a plane on to the airfield.

Presently, while Father was still gazing at the main mass of paratroops, I sighted something else—

one of them all by himself. I watched the little white puff, and it came down in the field just near where we were. The man on the end of it didn't get up.

"Father," I said. "That man's hurt."

"Oh, Lord," said father. We both got out of the car and scrambled over the ditch and through the hedge. I was quicker than father, and got to the man first.

"Why, father, it's Harold Drummond," I said. He was lying quite still with one leg folded under him.

"Fractured leg," said father, suddenly very professional. "You must go and fetch help from the aerodrome, Evie, quickly."

"I won't go to the aerodrome," I said. "We'll take him to Lady Snellley's. She's the nearest."

"Infant, you can't play that trick again."

"It's no trick," I said. "He's hurt, isn't he? And she's next door, isn't she? And, anyway, Madeleine can't see him in the aerodrome."

"All right," said father. "There'll be a fuss, but he mustn't be moved one inch further than necessary."

Lady Snellley answered the door herself.

"Is he one of the lonely ones, too?" she said.

"No, but my sister is," I said.

I sat by Harold's bedside until he regained consciousness. We rang the aerodrome and there was a dreadful fuss because we hadn't taken him there. But father said Harold was much too bad to be moved and Lady Snellley spoke to them, too, and things seemed to calm down a bit. Father wanted me to go home, but I wouldn't. Lady Snellley and I sat and watched

Harold for a long, long time, and finally he moved.

He opened his eyes and saw me. He probably didn't see too well because he said, "Oh, Madeleine, you've come. I didn't want you to know about my transfer because I'd—oh, Madeleine, it's been awful."

"Go to sleep, Harold, my love," I said romantically. "Everything's going to be all right." Lady Snellley was watching me. She looked as if she might be laughing.

"I have a phone call to make," I said.

"To Madeleine?" she said, which was very bright of her.

"Madeleine," I said over the phone. "This is a well-wisher of yours. Harold Drummond has been desperately injured, and is calling your name. Can you come at once to the estate of Lady Snellley?"

Madeleine gasped. "Evie! I'll come at once!" And she sounded very happy in spite of hearing that Harold was hurt.

"Well," I said to Lady Snellley as we sat in the drawing-room later, "that's that. She'll stop moping."

Lady Snellley smiled. "You're a lonely hearts club all by yourself, aren't you?"

ROGER

knew she was acting, and her acting wasn't very good. It didn't ring true. It wasn't the real Becky.

"I'll bring in the coffee," he moved, glad of an excuse to escape. He loitered in the kitchen for a long time. He found the tray and arranged things, and tried to summon a smile. Back with the rest of them he filled the cups carefully.

"But, Marion," Becky was saying, "I thought—What happened?"

Marion was taking the coffee from him. She achieved a creditable smile and sipped it. She set the cup down with a slight crash, then turned abruptly back to the tree.

It seemed a long time later that the doorbell rang. "I'll answer it," Tim leaped lightly from his perch.

"Uncle Matthew and Aunt Olga," he announced, ushering them in.

It was a break, anyway, and Roger summoned another grin.

"Hello, Matthew," he said, and "Hello, Olga," I thought you were in the country."

"We came back yesterday," Roger heard Olga laugh, but he was looking at Becky. She was coming slowly towards them, her lips moving in meaningless words. She was white.

Becky was ill, that was it. She was swaying a little and staring at Matthew. Roger cursed himself for seventeen kinds of a fool, catching her and pulling her close. Something happened to her painful smile. She caught Roger's arm and pressed closer and closer to him. Roger stood very still, for if he moved—

"Here's to the merriest Christmas, Becky," Matthew lifted the glass tumbler filled for him, and his voice was easy. "The happiest of all New Years."

"Wait a minute," Matthew's frown was swift and searching. He put his glass down. "Look here, Becky—Miss Randall telephoned you, didn't she? My nurse. Oh, good heavens—"

He groaned. "You didn't get the message, did you? About everything being all right?"

His hand was on her shoulders and he was shaking her gently. "Everything is all right," he went on. "When the report of your test was so good, I handed it over to Miss Randall and told her to telephone you the good news at once—Roger, get some brandy."

Roger didn't want to move. He wanted to stand here with Becky clinging to his arm. He wanted to watch life creep slowly back into her face and to feel Christmas creep a little way into his heart.

"I don't need brandy," Becky said. Her hazy smile took in the room. It went to Marion, who was humming softly, with her chin up and her lips only a little stiff. It went to Tim, lost in the upper reaches of the tree. It came last of all to Roger, and lingered there. It was a smile that brought Becky back with it, back into the house.

Christmas meant a lot of things. There was a touch of humility in Roger's thoughts, coming back from taking Matthew and Olga to the door. It meant old friends dropping

"WHY don't you

ask the hospital, Lady Snellley?" I said.

"I will," she said. "I don't see why it can't be done. And I'm beginning to like company."

"Now about Bill," I said. "Has anyone got any ideas?"

Mrs. Thomas said, "What about a party?"

"We'll have it here," said Lady Snellley with a gay air. "Why not? Let's have a really grand party for Bill and his fiancée."

It was amazing, but even mother and father found time to come to that party. Almost everybody came. Bill's girl was the prettiest I ever saw. I told Bill so.

Bill said, "Infant, you're growing up, and I like it."

When Bill went back to camp, mother said: "Evie, you've been working very hard. You deserve a holiday. Suppose I take a few days off and take you up to the farm?"

"That's all very well for you," I said, "but mother, I can't spare any time at all from my duties. Let's talk about it after the war."

Mother collapsed into an armchair and laughed her head off.

(Copyright)

Their Christmas Eve

Continued from page 4

in with gifts. It meant Marion, gallantly stifling her unhappiness, and trying to keep it from touching them.

It meant Tim's determination to master the art of juggling Christmas lights on the top of a step-ladder. It meant most of all Becky, sitting now on the arm of his chair, her hand fast in his.

"I'll answer it," Tim leaped again, and this time it was the telephone. He came back and went up to Marion, and his smile cut her off from the room, making "cover" for her.

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"It was Santa Claus," he said carefully. "I mean Helen. She said Peter was alone at the dance and looking so miserable that she told him— Anyway, he's on his way over here. Peter," he explained carefully, "Peter's coming here."

Those kids would never get the tree trimmed, Roger thought tranquilly, some time later. But Becky was still on the arm of his chair, and he sat quite still.

(Copyright)

So few hands to do so much

The need for nursing trainees is urgent. The vital and essential needs of the fighting services have had to be met—now civil hospital personnel must QUICKLY be augmented.

If you are between seventeen and thirty, your local National Service Officer will gladly tell you how you can join the ranks of the nursing service in the community.

GIRLS WANTED for NURSING TRAINEES

Nursing is a Career which will endure for ever . . .

the need for trained nurses will continue after the war is won . . . the sick and suffering must be cared for always, and those who enter this fine profession now can count upon permanence of employment for as long as they wish to serve humanity's greatest cause.

Message Sponsored by KAYSER

SPREAD BOVRIL THINLY A TEASPOONFUL MAKES 12 SANDWICHES

In the present shortage of Bovril, caused by wartime conditions, everyone should use what they can get with special economy. The thinner you spread Bovril the tastier sandwiches it makes and the further it goes, so please help as much as you can to relieve the shortage by "lasting out" your supply.

Every penny counts . . .

Even the penny for those wishful thoughts—those serpent suggestions that a little self-indulgence would give a fine fillip to home-front morale.

The days of fine feathers are behind us—and ahead. Yesterday we might be lavish, to-morrow freedom will come again. Meanwhile, let us hold our heads high above our wartime woad and save our pennies until conscience calls 'all clear'.

The key to liberty is in our hands. The more we save, the sooner we regain our heritage. And with it the right to buy as many Tootal® fabrics as we choose including tested crease-resisting fabrics marked "Tebilized."®

* Tootal and Tebilized are registered trade marks.

Freedom formula by TOOTAL

In support of the War Savings Certificate Scheme Buy all you can to hasten Victory.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LTD., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND MELBOURNE (P.O. BOX 1035H) SYDNEY (P.O. BOX 2300M)

HELPING HANDS

● Never let it be said that you are ashamed of your hands . . . know how to make — and keep — them soft, smooth, and lovely.

By MARY ROSE

Beauty Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

HANDS that are kept busy in the factory, office, shop, in the house, in the Victory Garden, all show signs of wear and tear unless cared for — regularly.

It's up to you to have soft, smooth, lovely looking hands. And you know it!

Washing-up dishes day after day, washing clothes that have endured hard work or play, daily housework—all tough on hands, I'll admit. But keep some hand-lotion in kitchen and laundry and rub in as often as necessary.



FINGER-TIPS of busy hands ask for special care. Ruth Hussey MGM star (above), looks after her hands; manicures nails twice or three times a week.



YOU CAN'T HIDE your hands on your wedding day! Naturally you want them to look their loveliest, so care for them now. Start this very night to cream them; tend nails daily if necessary.

If you do not wear gloves when gardening, do something to protect your hands. I suggest you give them a coating of soap or, better still, rub in mutton fat beforehand. Also fill in underneath the nails.

Afterwards wash well in warm, soapy water, and dry thoroughly.

Follow these simple hints, no matter what your work:

Never, never go to bed without working some cold cream into the skin (do elbows at same time). Rub it well into the palms and back of your hands, and if you put on an old pair of cotton gloves before slipping into bed, the cream will do twice as much good.

Grease your nails nightly with almond or castor oil, or use one of the good, oily nail foods sold for the purpose.

When you wash your hands, shove those cuticles back determinedly. Use the towel or a "pusher."

File your nails regularly. Don't let them get out of hand.

If you can't buy varnish, then "buff" them regularly. If no buffer, put some powder on the outer ridge of each palm and use as buffers for the nails.

Medico suggests streamline menu for your Christmas dinner

● You won't stagger away from the table with glassy eyes and spend the rest of the day in a coma after eating this suit-the-climate meal.

LOOKED at my calendar and realised that Christmas is little more than a week away. Christmas, 1943, well, well . . . My mind wandered back to other days . . . I remembered last year only too well.

We had Christmas dinner at the home of a friend — turkey and all the fixings. The children called it a "spread," and didn't they suffer the next day!

When you come to think of it, it is strange how we cling to old traditions. Christmas dinner meant soup, turkey, and ham, or sucking pig, hot vegetables, a large round of steaming pudding, and brandy sauce, ice-cream, sweets, fruit, nuts, and muscatels, and last, but by no means least, a large watermelon.

Did it matter if the temperature was up in the 100's? Oh, no, we would gallantly struggle through.

A feast like this might be all right in its own surroundings—crisp snow, blazing logs, holly-wreaths, and the rest—but it is hardly suited to our climate.

This year Christmas will be different; the war has seen to that. It is an ill-wind, but, instead of looking back and sighing for the good old days, housewives can introduce an Australian Christmas.

Just imagine a dinner that isn't followed by the usual after-effects. Better still, see yourself taking a holiday, too, no slaving over a hot stove all morning, and washing up most of the afternoon.

How are you going to do this? Well, first and foremost, your Christmas dinner is going to be cold. With the temperature up, what could be nicer than chilled soup, corned mutton, and chicken. Crisp lettuce fresh from the garden.



INSTEAD of a gargantuan feast this Christmas Medico suggests a meal that cuts out slavery for the housewife and is more in keeping with the family's digestive powers. The simple menu is given in the accompanying article.



RECORDS to-day are playing an increasingly important part in the entertainment of the fighting Services, and they are also required in considerable quantities for other essential purposes.

Although our production is extended to its utmost we have found it impossible to satisfy both the essential demands and the greatly increased requirements of the general public.

If, therefore, your Dealer is unable to supply every record you want, we ask you to be patient and understanding—he is doing his best under difficult conditions.



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ACTUAL STATEMENT BY

Geraldine Fitzgerald
Warner Brothers' star appearing in "The Gay Sisters"

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Planned for CHRISTMAS

● Here are savory dishes and sweet ones, here are cakes for the season, candies for the children. They all have a festive flavor and gay finish. They are red-letter day foods, party foods, planned with a flourish for Christmas.

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



SET the cake in a place of honor for the Christmas get-together. Remember a tiny cube only, not a great wedge, for every Christmas guest. A wish and a blessing on the house with each service. Real holly leaves and mock berries garland this rough-frosted fruit cake.

REMEMBER a party is a state of mind. The Christmas spirit doesn't depend on money or the state of the market.

Do some menu juggling for a week or two so that Christmas Day sees a special menu treat. Every-day foods can masquerade, too, with party accessories.

Use traditional reds and greens, snipping red stars, green tree shapes, golden cherubs for garnishing tables and china.

Discuss the menu with the family and make its assembling a family affair. Get those Christmas chores over early, and do as little cooking as possible on Christmas Day.

Remember the Christmas recipe depends as much on sentiment and a sense of fun as on the ingredients in the pantry.

CHRISTMAS GARLAND CAKE

(Make in a ring-tin, and when cold top with a garland of fresh leaves and mock red berries or of fresh or crystallised flowers.)

Six ounces margarine, 6oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 4oz. plain flour, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream margarine and sugar well, adding the lemon rind during creaming. Beat in the eggs, one by one, beating until smooth. Add the lemon juice, and then the sifted plain flour, self-raising flour, and cornflour. Add the milk. Cook in a greased ring-tin (8-inch) in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 45 to 55 minutes. Cool, and then frost and decorate.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

(Cover with rough meringue frosting, garnish with cherry clusters, and serve instead of the usual rich fruit cake.)

One and a half cups fine white sugar, 2½ cups self-raising flour, 3oz. melted butter or margarine, 1 cup milk, 1-3rd cup boiling water, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 2 eggs, pinch of soda.

Mix the sugar and sifted flour. Stir in the melted butter, milk, and

cocoa, dissolved in the boiling water. Mix well until smooth. Stir in the beaten eggs. Pour into two greased 8-inch sandwich-tins. Cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 35 minutes. When cold, fill and frost.

FRUIT SALAD PAVLOVA

(A flyaway sweet created for party menus. Top it with ice-cream as a Christmas present, and make it gay with fresh cherry clusters.)

The whites of 4 eggs, 8oz. sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 2 teaspoons vinegar, 2 cups fruit salad, 1 cup ice-cream, fresh cherry clusters, mint sprigs.

Beat the egg-whites until stiff, and gradually whisk in the sugar, beating until the mixture is smooth and holds its own shape. Fold in the cornflour and add the vinegar. Pour the mixture into an 8½-in. sandwich-tin which has been well greased and lightly dredged with cornflour. Scoop centre slightly. Bake in a very slow oven (275 deg. F.) for 1½ hours or until crisp and dry. Turn out carefully and when cold fill with fruit salad, top with ice-cream, garnish with mint and cherries. Serve in wedges.

MOCK ROAST CHICKEN

(Season a baby leg of lamb carefully, cook slowly, and serve with the usual accessories of poultry, and it rivals roast chicken.)

One boned leg of lamb, 1 lemon, 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon clarified dripping, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped mint, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, milk or egg to mix.

Have leg of lamb boned carefully at the butcher's. Season inside and out, and rub with lemon juice. Grate half the rind of the lemon and mix with the crumbs. Rub in the fat. Add salt, pepper, parsley, mint, and herbs; add also, if liked, a teaspoon of chopped onion. Moisten with milk or beaten egg. Stuff the boned leg with this seasoning. Skewer carefully into shape and bake in a very slow oven (325 deg. F.) for 1½ to 2 hours. Baste several times. Serve with browned potato slices, green peas, bacon rolls (if any), hot pineapple slices, and pickled cherries. Serve with thin brown gravy. Garnish the skewers with gay paper frills.

CREOLE SAUCE

(A piquant party sauce for a baked rabbit.)

One tablespoon margarine or good dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup chopped, skinned tomatoes, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 1 dessertspoon chopped celery leaves, 2 tablespoons chopped radish, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Melt the fat, stir in the flour, and add the chopped tomato with its juice. When hot and thickened, add the celery, celery leaves, radish, onion, and vinegar. Season. Heat thoroughly, adding a little more liquid if liked. Pour over the carved baked rabbit.

BAKED PUMPED LEG OF MUTTON

(The nearest thing to ham produced in the kitchen. Complete with browned crumbs, cloves, and gay paper frill. Serve orange or pineapple, as a fruit garnish.)

One pumped leg of mutton, mustard (if any), lemon, 12oz. scone dough, browned crumbs, cloves.

Buy a pumped leg of mutton. It is worth while to choose your own fresh leg, and arrange for the butcher to salt while you finish your marketing, or to call for it the next day. Wash well, or soak for one hour. Wipe dry, and then rub well with lemon, and then with mixed mustard (if any) in the pantry. Mix a soft scone dough, using 12oz. flour, in the usual way. Roll out, and cover the leg with the scone dough. Place in a thickly greased pan in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) and bake for about 4½ hours. Remove the paste from the meat. Brush with a little melted butter, and coat with browned breadcrumbs. Stick cloves in a pattern on the leg, and decorate the knuckle end with a gayly colored paper frill. Use for Christmas and holiday salads.

CUCUMBER MAYONNAISE

(Special for fish or poultry salad.)

Three-quarters cup of white sauce, 1 egg-yolk, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 cup chopped cucumber, pepper and salt to taste.

Beat the egg-yolk into the sauce. Add the cucumber and heat slowly without allowing to come to the boil.

Cool, and beat in the vinegar, adding very slowly. Season to taste and chill before serving.

MARSHMALLOWS

(Christmas candy present to be packed in a gay box.)

Two cups sugar, 2 tablespoons glucose (may be omitted, but prevents stickiness if sweets are to be kept for more than a day or two), 1½ cups boiling water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, flavoring.

Dissolve sugar and glucose in half the boiling water, and dissolve the gelatine in the other half. Mix together, cool, and then whisk until the mixture thickens. Color and flavor to taste. Pour into a wetted dish to set. Cut into small blocks and roll in equal quantities of icing sugar and cornflour or in finely chopped nuts.

Continued on page 23



LAMB MASQUERADES AS CHICKEN, and has a satisfying tenderness. Is served with the usual accessories of poultry, browned potatoes, peas, pineapple, and tiny sausages—all piping hot.

NOTE
WORTHY



THOUGH MUCH AGAINST
HIS WORKMATES' WILL
JOE PRACTISED DAILY
SCALE AND TRILL



AND HOPED
THAT HIS DEXTERITY
MIGHT PROVE
A BLESSING SOCIALLY



BUT EVEN ART
CAN'T COMPENSATE
FOR HANDS IN SUCH
A WORKSTAINED STATE



BUT STILL THE CASE
WAS NOT PAST MENDING
FOR SOLVOL WORKED
A HAPPY ENDING



ALL HANDS
TODAY NEED
SOLVOL



Food for the festive season . . .

● Luscious jelly for a party, ice-cream for Christmas Day, biscuits for Yuletide toasts, a light savory for Boxing Day are starred prize-winning recipes this week. Send in your favorite for next week's best recipe competition.

THESE are excellent little recipes, chosen from hundreds of good ones. They suit the weeks to come, and are certainly worth trying.

Have you a recipe that you would like to share with other homemakers? Send it in!

HONEYED FRUIT JELLIES

One-quarter cup lemon juice, 2/3rds cup orange juice, 2/3rds cup hot water, 1 1/2 dessertspoons gelatine, 3 tablespoons honey, fruit (such as bananas, oranges, strawberries).

Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add fruit juices and honey. Pour into a mould. Sliced fruit may be set in the jelly or served with jelly. Serve with cold whipped boiled custard made from custard powder.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. B. Becke, 264 Park Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.

BROWN NUTTIES

One cup rolled oats, 1 cup flour, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 large tablespoon golden syrup, 2 tablespoons hot water, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1lb. butter, little salt.

Mix oats, flour, and sugar together, add syrup, water, and soda to melted butter. Stir these into the dry ingredients, mix well and let stand 10 minutes, then mix again and drop in teaspoons on to a greased tray. Put them well apart, as they spread. Cook in fairly slow oven till brown. To keep crisp, put in screw-top jar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. P. Williams, Firenze, Barraba, N.S.W.



NOTHING LIKE young, tender vegetables fresh from the garden . . . Grate carrots, beetroot, parsnips, and serve them raw as often as possible. Cook beetroot tops and serve like spinach.

SAVORY STUFFED LETTUCE

One large crisp lettuce, finely grated onion, 1 cup chopped ham or rabbit, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup grated cheese.

Fry grated onion in a little fat until golden. Drain and mix well with ham, breadcrumbs, salt, and pepper. Wash and separate lettuce, put 2 tablespoons of mixture into centre of each leaf, and roll up. Place lettuce rolls in a well-greased dish, cover with grated cheese, and bake in moderate oven until leaves are tender. Serve hot with tomato sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Doris L. Dickenson, c/o Austral Silk Mills, 112 Trenerry Crescent, Abbotsford N1, Vic.

ICE-CREAM

One pint warm milk, 4 heaped tablespoons full-cream powdered milk, 2 dessertspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 tablespoon water, vanilla.

Add powdered milk and sugar and cooled gelatine to milk and beat for 10 minutes. Place in refrigerator trays for 1 hour. Whip again for 5 minutes and freeze again. After 1 hour take out and whip again for 5 minutes, adding flavoring. Freeze again.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. M. Gibbs, 23 de Villiers Avenue, Chatswood, N.S.W.

PLANNED FOR CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 22)

CARAMEL FLUFF

One tablespoon butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 cups milk, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 3 eggs.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the hot milk, and stir in the egg-yolks. Continue stirring till creamy. Add the gelatine, dissolved in the hot water. Stand until cold, and then fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into a wetted mould and chill until set.

CHERRY TOPSY-TURVY

(Luscious hot or cold, and gay for a Christmas table.)

Half pound bright red cherries, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon sugar, squeeze of lemon juice, 4oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. butter or margarine, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons milk.

Wash the cherries, place in saucepan with little water, cover, and



GAY SALAD with plenty of appetite satisfaction: Grated radish, peas, and parsley in a sharp, white sauce surrounded by lettuce, and beetroot.

bring to the boil. Drain at once. Cream the tablespoon butter or margarine and sugar, and spread on bottom of a sponge sandwich-tin. Place cherries on top of this. Cream remaining butter and sugar and orange rind. Add beaten egg and then sifted flour and milk alternately. Pour over the cherries. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 35 minutes. Turn out with cherries on top.

ORANGE SPICE NUTS

Two ounces good beef dripping or lard, 2oz. margarine, 1 cup white sugar, 1 cup brown sugar, juice of 1 lemon, pinch of bicarbonate soda, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 tablespoons treacle, 2 cups self-raising flour, 2 teaspoons ground ginger or spice.

Cream shortening and sugar well. Beat in the grated orange and lemon rind, and then the treacle. Add the sifted flour and ginger. The mixture is a fairly soft dough. Roll into soft balls with floured hands, press into round, and mark with back of fork. Cook on a greased tray in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Cool on tray, and when quite cold store in an airtight tin.

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When the diet is restricted through illness, and the appetite flags, the patient quickly grows tired of the monotony at meal-times. Fortunately patients rarely tire of the delicious flavour of Horlicks, and every glass of Horlicks adds fresh energy to the system, thus helping to promote a rapid recovery.

Horlicks is a complete food-drink, nourishing and sustaining. It is prepared by a special process which combines the wholesome ingredients in a form particularly easy to digest. In many cases where other foods cannot be taken, the system will retain and readily assimilate Horlicks.

The patient feels a sense of well-being almost at once, for the energising natural sugars are present in Horlicks in a form

that is quickly assimilated by the bloodstream.

Horlicks is of definite assistance in hastening the restoration of physical strength, because it contains a valuable proportion of readily-assimilable protein, as well as a percentage of mixed carbohydrates.

It's no trouble at all to prepare Horlicks. Simply mix it with water only, hot or cold.

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We thank all users of MOYGASHEL fabrics throughout the country for their support in the past and assure them that, although quantities produced will be much restricted this year, we shall do our utmost to satisfy their needs. Should they, however, have been unable to obtain MOYGASHEL fabrics, we ask their indulgence. We look forward with sure confidence to the time when production of MOYGASHEL fabrics will again be unrestricted.

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5 MINUTE DESSERTS

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EASY TO MAKE!

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day's dessert will be all ready to serve. What's more, that dessert will taste so good you might have spent hours making it. You might have to use up a lot of precious ingredients into the bargain. Save time—save ingredients. Use Tandaco 5-MINUTE Desserts. Three favourite flavours... chocolate, almond, and lemon. They are delicious served hot or cold and each packet serves four people.



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See them at your Grocers

Grocers everywhere sell Tandaco 5-MINUTE Desserts, Tandaco Prepared Seasoning, Cocoa Malt, 2-Way Pudding, Prepared Suet, Junket Crystals and Tablets, Instant Soups, Jelly Crystals, Concentrated Onion, Curry Powder, Baker's Yeast. Ask your grocer for tasty, time-saving TANDACO Products.